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Janvier, Meredith

Baltimore yesterdays







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Yours Sincerely  
Meredith Jannier



# *Baltimore Yesterdays*

BY

Meredith Janvier

ILLUSTRATED



BALTIMORE

H. G. ROEBUCK & SON

1937

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FLORENCE BAKER JANVIER  
BALTIMORE

# Preface

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The Meredith Janvier of the next generation, if, when and as he appears, will certainly devote a chapter in his book to the Janvier of this one, for that Janvier was one of the really salient figures in the Baltimore of his day. I knew him for thirty years, and must have dropped in on him in Hamilton street, first and last, at least a hundred times, but many more of my encounters with him were on the street. He loved to rove the old Baltimore that was collapsing about his ears, and his devotion to it was matched only by his incomparable knowledge of it. What he got into this volume, and into its predecessor, was only a small part of the store of anecdote that was packed away in his memory. He had little patience with formal history, and never wasted his time on its dreary tables of figures and lists of dates, but his interest in people was always immense, and there was nothing about them that seemed to him to be too inconsiderable for recording.



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How they *lived* — that was what he wanted to know; and no Baltimorean ever accumulated a larger treasure of such information. The era that he mainly traversed was not the most brilliant in Baltimore's annals, nor was it marked by many dramatic events. But in its very placidity there was a vast charm, and that charm Janvier always conveyed to his pages. He was glad that he had lived in those calm and comfortable days, and he recreated their serene happiness for those who had lived through them with him. The later comers must find his books delightful also, but their full savor, it seems to me, is reserved for those who remember the well-fed and contented if somewhat frowsy Baltimore of the Eighties and Nineties.

But Janvier was by no means a mere mooner over the past. Few men in this town have ever had wider interests, or enjoyed a more varied round of successes. He was not only an extraordinary mixture of artist and man of business; he was also a scholarly bibliographer; he was learned in the law; he was, finally, perhaps the greatest athlete that Baltimore ever saw. During his last decades the town forgot

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his early feats as a strong man, but it was in that character that he first engaged public attention. How much weight he could lift in his prime I don't know, but it was certainly some incredible amount. He went so far, in fact, that he injured his heart, and years afterward he told me of a visit to Dr. William Osler to find out how far that injury had gone. He felt badly and half expected a death sentence, but the great Osler was reassuringly optimistic. "The damage," he said, "is there, and nothing can be done about it. But be reasonably careful, and you'll live as long as the next man." It was a sound prophecy, for though Janvier was often conscious that his heart had been hurt, and it finally brought him to his death, he lived comfortably through middle age, and some of his happiest days were among his last. Maybe, if it had not been for that early injury, he would have gone on to seventy or eighty, or even beyond. But he had a lot of joy while he lived, and I never heard him speak save philosophically of the menace that hung over him.

To the law in which he had been trained he never gave much attention, and I don't think he

liked it. It was his profession, and he had a kind of aversion to professions. He was the amateur always, even in the face of his successes—amateur athlete, amateur photographer, and then amateur in books and prints. His first photographs made a sensation in Baltimore. They differed so vastly from the standard gallery portraits of the time, and were so clearly better, that the town flocked to sit to him. He was thus forced to set up a studio, and during the ensuing twenty years he must have photographed every Baltimorean of any consequence whatever. But his studio never became a mere place of business. He gave it, somehow, the air of a good club, and many of his sitters, after coming to have their pictures taken, returned to get better acquainted with Janvier himself. The whole place was a riot of pictures and books. The pictures covered all the walls, and the books gradually filled case after case, and shelf after shelf. He always seemed to have plenty of time, even when he was most prodigiously busy. He could see a number of sitters a day, receive and gabble with a number of friends, take his inevitable walk through the downtown byways, and then investigate with



alert eye a stack of book catalogues just in from England.

He bought shrewdly, and soon accumulated a really valuable library. Duplicates quickly appeared in it, for he could never resist a fine copy. Eventually he had so many that he began to trade with other collectors, and from trading he moved almost imperceptibly into dealing. Friends asked him to buy for them, or raided his own collection. Thus he began as an amateur once more—and an amateur he remained to the end. As his interest in photography declined, his interest in books kept on mounting. I well recall the day he showed me the proofs of his first catalogue. It was something of a venture, for the competition in the book trade is fierce, but he had got a lot of fun out of putting it together, and didn't care much whether it paid its way. It was, in fact, a big success, and after it followed many other catalogues. They were never mere trader's lists. Janvier always got something of himself into them—and especially something of his great love of fine books. Buying from them was thus a pleasant adventure to other collectors, and many

of them came to Baltimore to see him. I recall one, a wealthy Pennsylvanian, who sometimes made such forays upon the stock in hand that Janvier was slyly tempted, more than once, to bar him out. But the day after he left town his operations always took on a happier aspect, for the empty shelves that he left behind him demanded replenishment, and Janvier reveled in buying books as a cat revels in catnip.

I sometimes wonder what, if he had lived longer, he would have turned to next, for there was a touch of restlessness in him, and he would have found something, soon or late, more engrossing than book-selling, though he would certainly have remained a book-collector. If he had ever devoted his whole time to prints he would have made another success, for he had extraordinary good eye for such things, and had been gathering in prizes since his earliest days in Hamilton street. Long before the craze for the Currier & Ives series developed he had dozens of fine specimens, all hanging on the walls of his studio. In the field of graphics, in fact, his interest was concentrated upon chromolithographs, and he had ways

of unearthing them that remained mysterious to me to the end. Many of his best prints were carried off, from time to time, by his book-buying friends, but he always seemed to know where there were more.

His acquaintance in the Baltimore of his youth was very wide, as these pages show, and he kept it up in his later years. He knew most of the Baltimoreans worth knowing, and with many of them he was on close terms. Men who came to him to be photographed returned to gabble with him, and on his daily walks he was constantly meeting persons he knew. No man of his time was more generally liked. He was anything but a back-slapper, for there was a fine dignity in him, but he was genuinely interested in people, and always showed it in his courteous, old-fashioned way. In all the years I knew him I never heard him speak unkindly of anybody; he always remembered something pleasant about everyone, including the town bores. His books are quite free from scandal, and their gossip is never malicious. In his turn he had the good-will of all, and I can't

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recall ever hearing a tart or impatient word about him.

He was at his best, it always seemed to me, not in the days of his activity as a photographer, but in his later bookish days. The greater leisureliness of a business carried on chiefly by mail fitted into his tastes perfectly, and though he liked to see clients drop in, he liked even better, I think, to deal with them at long distance. Nothing delighted him more than tracking down a rare book. He got out of it all the thrills of hunting big game, and it gave him immense pleasure to dispatch his find to the waiting collector. He carried on a correspondence with other book-sellers in all parts of the world, and he was greatly respected by every one of them.

He is missed in Baltimore, and he will not be soon forgotten.

H. L. MENCKEN

## MEREDITH JANVIER

### *A Biographical Sketch*

By ALFRED J. O'FERRALL

Meredith Janvier was born on September 19th, 1872, in Albemarle County, Virginia. The family moved to Baltimore when he was a youngster, and his various goings and comings for a couple of decades are very charmingly told in his book published in 1933, "Baltimore in The Eighties and Nineties."

My first recollection of Janvier dates back to October, 1894, when he appeared on the stage of the Academy of Music with Eugen Sandow, and was presented the Sandow Medal for great advances in physical development by Flo Ziegfeld, at that time Sandow's manager. His development was really wonderful, and under the bright lights, against a dark velvet drapery, he appeared to be a pocket edition of Sandow himself.

In 1896 he graduated in law from the University of Maryland, and in 1903, after having spent thir-



teen years in a law office, he finally decided that he would make a better photographer than a lawyer; and he did make himself the leading photographer of men in Baltimore for more than twenty years.

Always interested in the theatre and things artistic, after he opened his studio at No. 14 West Hamilton Street, he began collecting color prints and books, and as the years wore on he sold most of his color prints and became more and more THE BOOKMAN.

From 1913 to the time of his death he issued over thirty catalogues, informative and critical—well printed and interesting—which drew to him a clientele both here and abroad, which in most cases ripened into lasting friendships. One of his early customers was Christopher Morley, as were H. L. Mencken and Joseph Hergeshimer. He made many trips to Europe in search of books and became interested in several English authors, notably Haldane MacFall, John Trevena and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. He liked their work and he acquainted his customers with the fact that he thought their books

worth reading; this interest in them continued to the end. He photographed E. V. Lucas, chatted with Walter de la Mare, and corresponded with and hunted books for Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, Vincent Starrett and others.

Notwithstanding the fact that he knew intimately probably more prominent people in all walks of life than any other Baltimorean, Janvier was quiet and unassuming, yet polished and affable at all times. While his light beamed brightly as strong man, lawyer, photographer to the great, print collector, bookman and historian par excellence of the Eighties and Nineties, it was in conversation with his friends that he was at his best. He had a keen sense of humor and wrote a very clever letter, sometimes topping it off with a bit of verse.

Meredith Janvier died January 21st, 1936, at his Frederick Avenue home, in his sixty-third year.

It was good for Baltimore to have known him, and his work and his memory will live long after him.

In closing, I quote Christopher Morley's epi-

taph, written in January 1920, which Janvier facetiously said he would have engraved on his Celtic Cross over his grave.

“The bibliophile may frankly say  
 There’s no one just like M. J.  
 In taste, discretion, wit and all  
 As lovely as the Taj Mahal,  
 A prince of booksellers—and chaff—  
 For him I write this epitaph.”

*Illustrations* - - -

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BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS



# *Pavements* OF THE PAST



FEW MEMORIES haunt the recesses of the mind more than the remembered sounds of the footsteps of our elders returning home at nightfall, and the rumble of wheels on the old time, rough cobbled streets. In the suburbs and country the cutting, crunching sounds of buggy and carriage on dirt and gravel roads had, perhaps, even more significance, and created more expectancy than the motor horns of today. Many persons will recall, too, the rolling thunder of the ancient two-wheeled coal, garbage carts, and drays, with their huge Percheron and Clydesdale horses, the drivers walking the hills, their long black whips in hand. Then there was the early morning clatter of the milk wagon, and day or night the impatiently awaited rattle of the family physician's carriage, as all ears were strained for the warning of his arrival.

In the centre of the city, or wherever some prominent person lay ill, the disturbing noise of traffic

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was subdued by the spreading of a heavy bed of tan bark. Sometimes even a whole block was roped off in an effort to give the sufferer a better chance for sleep and rest. Years ago, most of Baltimore's sidewalks were paved with red brick, usually laid in the well known herring-bone pattern. A number of these pavements were so well made that some of them are still to be seen not having been taken up when concrete walks were put down to make a more durable surface, but one wholly without character.

Property owners were not asked twenty-years ago if they wanted their pavement changed from brick to cement, but were told to change them. If the work was not done on time, the City would do it for you, at your expense, of course. Miles of sidewalks were done in this way, but among others a large pavement on Cathedral street, near Centre was allowed to remain, possibly because the property owner or his lawyer stood guard and held the concreters at bay.

For more than fifty years cement pavements have been in Washington Place, but with one exception

## PAVEMENTS OF THE PAST

those I knew as a boy are not there now (1935). Around the base of the Monument the circular walk is laid in square blocks of red, white and blue concrete. This was put down soon after the process was patented on July 19th, 1870 by John J. Schillinger. I have known this pavement for the whole of my life. It has lasted well and today shows but few repairs.

Street beds and also alleys may still be found where the bricks are laid edgeways, but sidewalks with edgeway set bricks are now rare. One of the few I know of is at the southeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and St. Mary's street. These edgeway pavements were often laid in years gone by in private courtyards and at the entrances to livery stables where the wear was hard in the days of iron-tired vehicles.

In front of some residences in Baltimore where something fancy was desired, hexagonal red brick were laid. You can see today a fine example of six-sided bricks on East Read street, near Charles, at the old Webb residence. And on the northwest



corner of Fayette and Schroeder streets, there is another, made in this case of pressed blocks of a mottled gray color, and larger than the red bricks of the same hexagonal shape. Of this same gray composition large and heavy blocks were used in the Eighteen Eighties on important thoroughfares, Eutaw Place, for instance. They made a smooth surface when first put down and sanded, but when long subject to the hard use of solid metal tires required constant repair. Some of this blocked drive way may be seen at this time on Monument Street as it approaches the Monument, and around it on all sides. What remains of this type of paving seems to hold up well enough under the rubber tires of automobiles.

Brick pavements had a nasty habit, after soaking rains, of getting loose, water collected under them and as the over-dressed dude of the eighties passed with his mincing tread, he would step on one of them and receive a jet of muddy water over his baggy trousers, and probably his pique vest would also be spattered, to the dude's great disgust.

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Also I have walked over a brick sidewalk when, under certain conditions, the entire surface would wobble and undulate in a most mysterious manner, giving the effect of a ship at sea, or more exactly as if one were walking on the stomach of a very fat and prostrate elephant.

A memorable feature of brick pavements was that on snowy days the best sliding places were made on them. "Making up" the slide was commenced by boys and girls, soon after snow began to fall, and the perfect slide was only possible when the snow was neither too dry, nor too moist. By sliding a little further at every run the length was increased to thirty feet or more. Slippery as smooth ice, it took skill to maintain one's balance, particularly if you went backward, when you might take a fall, or you could go "little-woman" as it was called when the slider squatted down after the preliminary run. Collisions causing topsy-turvies brought shrieks of laughter from the children.

When in fine condition the boys never dared to leave the slide until the last call for supper, as on

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returning, even after a short absence, we would be sure to find some "meddlesome" housewife had sprinkled the glassy runway with hot ashes. Old timers, like myself, will remember with a thrill the late winter evenings they tarried to get in a few more solitary slides, after the kids who feared maternal wrath had gone home; when "all the air a solemn stillness held;" the flickering lamplight, the snow covered street and the long stretch of glistening slide!

The boys of today do some sliding of course, but snow does not lay so well on concrete, policemen and apartment house janitors are not always fully sympathetic, and I have noticed little sliding of any importance on the street for a long time.

Just when the old cobble stones were first put down in Baltimore is uncertain, the oldest surveyor could not tell me, but Mr. Thomas H. Disney once told me that Belgian blocks, hand hewn, heavy gray stones, were first laid about 1880. They replaced as time went on, a great deal of the old cobbled surfaces, and these solid rectangular stones appear to

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have proved the most lasting of all road beds. In the early days of the motor car, and long before the arrival of balloon tires, concrete and asphalt pavements, in speeding through the streets loose cobble stones have been known to be dislodged and thrown out of place to crash a shop window.

Cedar blocks were tried at one time on Franklin street near Howard, on Fayette street and other places, but as they absorbed oil and moisture the wooden surface proved dangerously slippery and was discarded in favor of asphalt. Large slabs of slate and stone were used heretofore and occasionally today for sidewalks by public buildings. One of these is at the old A. S. Abell residence, later the Baltimore Club, Madison and Charles Streets. These stone pavements, laid where cost is not particularly considered, will not, perhaps give place to cement, as they are practically everlasting. There is a fine example of this type of surface in front of the Walters Art Gallery. No one now living is likely to see any change in it, unless, of course, it becomes necessary

to take it up in order to put in new gas or water pipes.

Housekeepers who took great pride in appearances used to redden their sidewalks, particularly on Saturday afternoons in good weather. A home-brewed concoction of brick dust and water was energetically applied by young and old working together with brushes and cast off brooms. The result of such labor set off the house nicely, and the same solution was used on the hearths and chimney bricks around the kitchen stove.

Everyone who saunters and also dodges around Baltimore, especially in the older sections will find streets, alleys and even curb stones well worthy of observation, noting the wide and the narrow and also the character of the surfacing. But since the horse is almost gone, and with it top heavy hay and straw wagons, a nocturnal stroll will not give the rambler a whiff of the old time odor of moist dust and dirt which filled the air when the revolving-brush street cleaners went by on the pavements of the past.



# *All Around* THE TOWN



FOR PLAY and amusement, the children of old times had the streets and back-lots—no community play-grounds, no swimming pools in those days! The games on lots and fields, still in the City, gave life and color to Baltimore.

But the kids of the Eighties and Nineties had an atmosphere of adventure, almost unknown to the boys and girls of today! Not that the young folks of our time do not have fun, because they do, ask them! But it is in different ways.

There was no still alarm system in the steam fire-engine days. In the Eighties when the bells pealed out on the quiet air of midnight, they struck many a heart with fear; in the day time they were not quite so alarming.

Engine-house bells sounded a succession of strokes indicating the number of the box from which the alarm had been sent to headquarters. Most

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people had printed lists of these locations and, after counting the repeated bell signals, would look into the book to see if the fire were near or distant. Like as not, it would be in Canton or Old Town, which in those days seemed a long way off, and everybody in our neighborhood would go back to bed.

Small boys, unless smart at slipping down the rain spout, did not often race off to night fires, unless in the immediate vicinity, but we did go to even distant conflagrations in the daytime. And we went as fast as we could run, straining to keep up with the horses of our own engine! For, following the footsteps of the Old Volunteers, the boys of the past were self-constituted defenders of the powers and beauties of the engines housed nearest their homes. These engine "fans" once known as "buffs," were said to "go-for" their engine. During the course of the actual fire, the boys' attention was not disturbed by clan warfare, but the minute it was out, a lively, even bloody clash was certain between the partisans of the engines present. Sticks, stones, brick-bats and fists were used, and once I saw a small pistol

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discharged. I carried a china door-knob on a leather strap—I don't remember using it.

But fire or no fire, any youthful pedestrian caught out of his own bailiwick, was likely to be accosted by some strange boy with the challenge "Hey, Kid, what Injine do you go for?" Woe betide the No. 7 boy, if his questioner was a No. 6 or a No. 4 champion. The boys going for No. 6 on Gay Street, hated the No. 7's with all the deadly and venomous hatred of the small boy, and *vice versa*.

These were the days when organ grinders were filling the air with the strains of *Sweet Little Buttercup*, *Hear Me, Norma*, and *Sweet Violets*, and young lady pianists were playing old pieces like *The Turkish Patrol* or *The Blue Alsatian Mountains*.

Even on chilly, blustering days in early spring, we heard the little German bands of old times, playing on the street corners, *When the Swallows Homeward Fly*, *White Wings that Never Grow Weary*, and *Wait 'Til the Clouds Roll By*.

On the appearance of a band, the children of the

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neighborhood would crowd around, industriously sucking lemons, as a re-action to which trick, the puffing musicians' mouths would water, the effect being highly detrimental to quality of their music. These bands became a great nuisance, to many persons, and an ordinance was passed prohibiting their performing.

There was also a street musician not often seen today: the one-man-band. Heavily loaded, he carried a bass drum on his back, a triangle attached, bells on his cap, cornet in one hand and something else in the other. When all his instruments were in complete discord, the excruciating results were of intense delight to the children.

Oysters were fine and cheap. White-aproned darkies peddled them, a two-gallon bucket in each hand, often painted blue. They cried so they could be heard for blocks: "O-ie—O-ie!" In the summer they went through the streets, particularly at night, with baskets of devilled crabs, and they cried: "Debble, debble, Crabbie, Crabbie, don't you wanta buy my Debble crab?"

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The pot-hunter, or market shooters, brought, and legally, his partridges and canvas-back ducks, to your door, or you would see him standing on the corner with his birds displayed on the sidewalk.

The hot waffle man, who has been gone some time, drove his kitchen on wheels, sounding a robust fan-fare on his trumpet: His boys chasing among the down town crowds passing out the sugared dainties.

In addition to the street musicians mentioned we had several other occasional entertainers who produced harmonies, discords, and just plain noise. But of outstanding interest, was the wandering harpist. These performers were often on the streets, usually on summer and other mild evenings, since tweaking the harp's taut strings cannot be done well with cold fingers. The harpist sometimes appeared at twilight, and as he strummed some familiar air, the neighborhood children gathered to dance upon the pavement, under the street lamp's flickering rays. The sidewalks, even down town, in the Eighties and Nineties were very different from what they are now,

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as the old gas burners gave but a faint light compared with the white-way-lamps of today.

There was something romantic and even mysterious about the harp man, as he came out of the evening shadows, unslung his heavy instrument and commenced to play airs from *Trovatore* and *Bohemian Girl*. But the tunes to which the children danced were *Maggie Murphy's Home*, *After the Ball*, and *Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True*.

Gone are the days, not only when some hearts were young and gay, but when, if you were uncertain about the number of the house you sought you could drop into the nearest corner drug store and consult, with the proprietor's compliments, his chained-down copy of the City Directory. Years ago this useful guide was published annually, our old friend, the poet, Professor Alexander Geddes, sometimes helped to compile it. The book sold for about five dollars then. At the present time a larger and more informative volume is issued at much longer intervals, but sells at a price so relatively high that outside of large busi-



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ness places and libraries it is harder to find than in the past.

It was not so often "under the spreading chestnut tree" that the old Baltimore blacksmiths stood as in back alleys and on the smaller side streets. From time immemorial children have loved to stand at the door of a blacksmith shop and watch him at his pyrotechnical occupation. The smith of course, was a strong man, and boys and girls always admire muscle and like to see it in action. I would still pause to see a horse shod if there was a smithy anywhere near as the whole operation is romantic and interesting. Who does not recall the acrid smell of singed hoof, and the sizzle of the red-hot shoe as it was plunged into the water barrel?

As a lad I knew well, and many a time stood at the door of the forge of Andrew Barron on Biddle street, west of Pennsylvania avenue. Here on sunny afternoons I watched the sparks fly, meteorlike, from the anvil and listened to the music from hammered steel. Then there was the shop of John Reynolds on Paca street above Franklin. He was a man on the

order of the smith in Longfellow's poem, for he was sexton of St. Barnabas' Church, and while he may not have listened on Sundays to his "daughter singing in the choir," he could in actual fact hear the results of his son's work in the choir loft where he pumped the organ.

There are but few forges left. The last one I knew in the center of the city was Park avenue just below Lexington street. But so long as there are race horses, cavalry, polo ponies, hunters and circuses there will have to be smiths to attend to the shoeing.

With the passing of the horse and especially carriages and pleasure vehicles have passed also the marble and stone carriage blocks which were set by the curbstone in front of the residences of the well-to-do. Also in the old days there were cast iron hitching posts, crowned with horse or eagle heads, many of them in the form of negro boys and jockies which are painted in the colors of life. The outstretched arms of these figures held in the hand a brass buckle to which was hitched the tie line of the doctor's or the pastor's horse when he made his call. The last of these stat-



A HORSE DRAWN FIRE APPARATUS OF THE LATE 90's



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uesque hitching posts known to me was on Madison avenue near Lanvale street.

But in the curb on the Charles street side of the Unitarian Church (at Franklin) may yet be seen several iron rings at intervals which served heretofore for making fast the buggy horses of those attending services.

Another once useful implement, the foot scraper, long since in the discard, exists in a few places. It is many years since it was necessary to use these scrapers for the removal of mud from the feet as in the old days of unpaved streets, but they are still useful after a heavy snow. The scraper, however, has made its reappearance as an antique, and they may be found at newly-built country and suburban homes, but the carriage block and the hitching-post are gone forever.

Rarely nowadays is it possible to enter a home at any hour of the day and sniff the perfectly delicious odor of risen bread baking in the oven. Time was when the making of "light" bread was the housewife's duty, pride and even pleasure. The first ques-

tions asked of a new cook was "and do you make nice light bread?"

There were many very real technicalities connected with risen bread and lucky the man whose wife or daughters in turn mastered them. But with the numerous modern and excellent bakeries now supplying fine loaves at all times and hot rolls for breakfast, the complexities of life today and the fact that many live in apartments and have no maid who comes in time to shift the dough for its second rising, the making of light bread in the home is rapidly becoming a lost art. And gone, too, is the practice of the old time corner bakery to give thirteen biscuits or rolls when twelve were called for.



# *Gas-Lit* N I G H T S



BALTIMORE in the old days was a city of individual homes. And in thousands of cases these homes were owned by the occupants.

This is still a local characteristic, despite the rapid growth in apartment living.

In my time there have been great changes in the lighting and heating of our homes. Many will recall, as I do, the old egg stoves, open grates and Latrobe heaters, “pertrobes” an old darkey once called them—maybe they perturbed her, when urged to shake them down and add coal, or try to regulate the drafts to cut down the coal gas.

But the old time gas lights, dim and religious, indeed, following oil lamps, offer a big field for reminiscence. There were the lava-tipped, bat-winged burners, common in the Eighties and Ninties. They often sang a meek but persistent song, to reduce it

you turned the gas down, but what you gained in silencing the song of the flame, you lost in light.

The old hallway gas jet usually had above it, dangling by a chain, a white glass, bell-shaped concern. When not blown out of line by the wind (and the halls were drafty) it took care of all carbon and smudge which did not pass on to the ceiling.

The slits in the lava tip burners were susceptible to dust, and when clogged the flame took on saw tooth edges, like the rays of a sun set in a chromo, which cut down the illumination still more. Dust in the burner and the tendency to hum and sing both worked together to reduce the light to a perpetual blind man's holiday. You could purchase a sort of cleaner, a thin band of steel like a tiny meat saw, but the young domestic Edisons found that a visiting card was all the cleaner necessary.

We had, too, the argand burner which was circular in shape and had both chimney and shade. These were used largely by desk workers, physicians and clergymen, and this stype could be raised and lowered, as telescopic piping made this possible.

## GAS-LIT NIGHTS

In the late Eighties twin bat-wing burners appeared and were installed in homes and offices, particularly over dining room tables, and in libraries. Metal and not lava tips were used on these, and two medium sized flames were supposed to give more light than a single larger one, they certainly gave out more heat in summer. Then came the self-lighting bat-wing; a small tube along side the burner carried a pilot light to its end, and by pulling a chain the gas flow was increased so that the pilot swelled in size and ignited the tip above it. I remember seeing these demonstrated in a store window on Baltimore street, near Light—a good place to show it. Crowds were ten deep in front of the window. Think of it! Today and for years we have flooded the house with soft, lovely light by touching a button!

Last in the gas field came the mantle light, the Welsbach, the first introduction of a truly fine illumination. The earlier types were fragile and did not have the durability of the kind we have today, but they marked the dawn of the substitutes for day

light, perfected in recent years, and now electricity in the greatest variety of tubes and bulbs actually does turn night into day.

Also to the period of the gas light belongs the window shade which had to be rolled up by hand. The shades were usually of a dark material, and the coiled spring concealed in the roller had not been invented.

The shade—blind, it was generally called—was raised and lowered by means of a woven cord serving as a belt. This passed over a metal grooved wheel on the end of the roller, and at the bottom the cord passed over an adjustable metal knob set in a notched metal holder. The notches were for the purpose of adjusting the tension on the cord-belt as it shrunk or if the contraption was moved to a new setting.

To raise and lower the shades you pulled the cord up or down, and also very often replaced it in the groove on the top wheel, by hand, when it slipped out.

# *Market* M E M O R I E S



HOW IT may be with others I do not know, but my own earliest memories are of smells rather than of things seen or heard. At the time of my grandmother's death when I was four years old, some disinfecting was going on in the house and my first odor memory is of carbolic acid.

The next smell I recollect was of the fish-market. Whether my original contact with fish-markets was the Richmond or Lexington, I cannot remember, but that I was dragged by the arm through one or the other many years ago is certain.

Like everything else markets and market people have changed greatly since the Eighties and Nineties, also market customs and customers are not altogether as they used to be.

Of the dozen or more Baltimore markets which were in existence in the period referred to, as a boy I was well acquainted with Lexington and Richmond

and to a less degree with Belair, Hanover, Hollins and a few of the others.

In the old days markets while well roofed were otherwise open to all weathers, but the men and women and children too, who made their living in them were hardy folk and stood the rigors of the winter well. They were, of course, heavily clothed in several layers of underwear, moleskin vests, cardigan jackets, (as they called sweaters), and overcoats, were worn by the men, plentiful petticoats and josies by the women and over all everyone wore voluminous aprons. As spring came on these healthy people shed, one by one, their insulators until summer found them in shirt-waists and shirt-sleeves.

Whereas today motor cars and trucks bring in to the city large numbers of the smaller market tradesmen from nearby farms and gardens, in older times these red-faced, good natured people drove their wagons and carts from their homes, ten or twenty miles away. Residents of the streets used as thoroughfares could often hear the rumble of the wheels in the early morning hours as the food laden cara-



## MARKET MEMORIES

vans passed by. To reach the markets in time to take up their places and arrange their produce it was necessary for the truckers, who lived at a distance, to start for town at midnight or soon after, according to the weather and the state of the roads. The drive was long and often bitterly cold; hot bricks and water bottles were much used as foot-warmers; one woman, who seemed to stand the winter drives better than some others, gave away her secret by showing a lighted lantern hidden under her skirts!

It was then the great day for Baltimore-dressed beef, and the leading specialists in steaks and roasts, as well as those who dealt in pork and mutton, maintained in the rear of their residences private slaughter houses, or abattoirs as they were afterwards called. Many of the prosperous butchers lived in large and handsome houses on Pennsylvania avenue, extended, the Hookstown road as it was called all the way down to Greene street in the Eighties. I used to see them many a time when I walked out that way on Saturday mornings, bound no doubt, for the open

country, then readily accessible, beyond Druid Hill Park, the barrel of a shot gun down my pants' leg, while my chum carried the stock hidden in a similar "channel." We dared not carry the assembled gun openly for we were too young to hunt legally with firearms.

Some of the famous butchers' names stand out in my recollection, but curiously enough, no name of a vegetable dealer comes to my mind. This is doubtless due to the fact that many of the Baltimore meat men of forty years ago were well to do business men, their stalls, especially in Lexington market, were ornate and brilliantly decorated, mounted heads of elk, ox and other animals proclaimed the line of the proprietor, whose name was announced in bright and conspicuous signs rich in gilding.

Hence I have never forgotten Nimrod M. Crooks, a well known dealer in spring lamb. His name with William Carmichael, Leopold Pfeffercorn and others of old times seem not to be present today. But while a name which impressed me with its euphony in my youth—Maximillian Plitt—is not to be seen now,

## MARKET MEMORIES

his descendants are still in business, at or near the old stand. Of several noted market names of the Eighties and Nineties, a number of them are still present in the second and even third generations, a fact that may account in some measure for Baltimore's wide fame for good meat; probably hereditary succession in few local enterprises can vie with the meat merchants of this city.

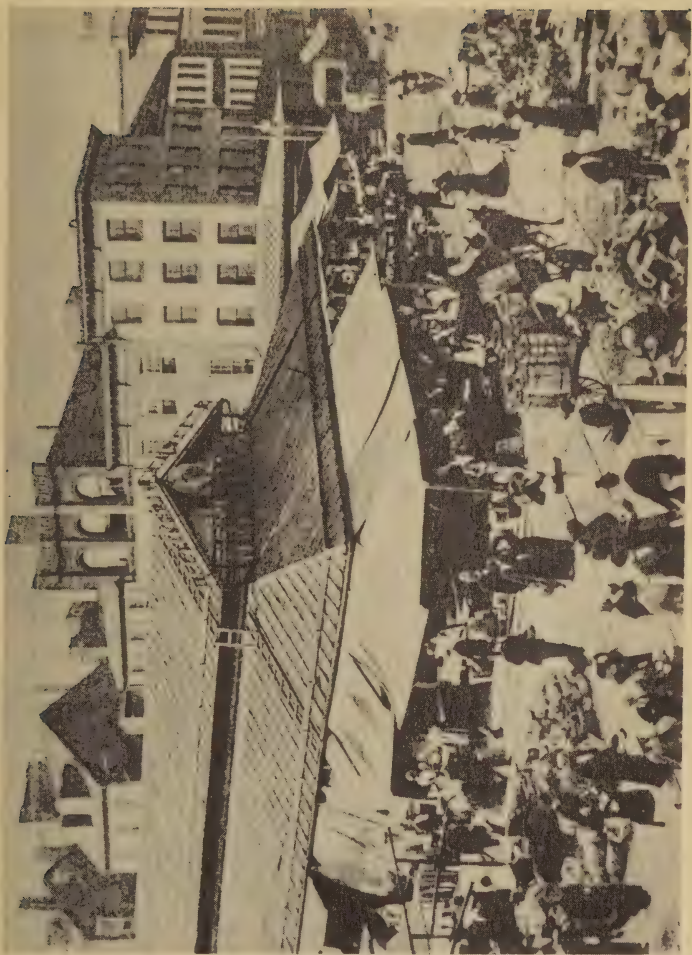
Gas jets spurting in bat-wing form from the ends of long horizontal pipes were the chief sources of illumination after dark, within the market proper, and the street marketers with stalls arranged as extensions to their wagons, had to make out with the flickering light of kerosene lamps, and naptha or oiled flares, which smoked obscenely in the night air and provided a third variety in my memory of smells. But the street scenes of the markets were picturesque then, much more than they are today, as the quaintly dressed old timers were often witty rural characters; rich brogues and foreign accents were frequently heard, whereas today nothing is "truly

rural" anymore, except enunciation tests for sobriety and the free delivery of mail.

But the good fellowship, chaff and banter properly present in groups of men and women all engaged in work in which there is a general interest are to be noted in the Baltimore markets today as much as at any former time. Gossip about business, the weather, crops, and whispered confidences as well as wise quips and flashes of badinage abound as they have always done in the market places of all lands and in all ages.

The hucksters from the country either tied their horses to the wagon wheels for the all day session, or lodged their teams at one of the nearby taverns, some of which even as late as the nineties were still in service in the vicinity of the markets. There was the Hand House on Paca street near Lexington, the Pennsylvania Hotel on Franklin near Greene street, both of which had large wagon yards, and others all reminiscent of the coaching days of a still older period.

One market custom of the past, long since dis-



LEXINGTON MARKET





## MARKET MEMORIES

continued, was the wearing of high silk hats and linen dusters by the big butchers. These florid-faced, heavy moustached men went to work in fine frock coats and topplers, but after donning their dusters they very rarely hung up their hats, and as they cut their juicy meats with cleaver, saw and knife they gave a bizarre touch to the market scene. Many of them, also, wore large solitaire diamond studs, ("head-lights") screwed by a spiral shank into their glossy shirt fronts; all of which will be recalled by many market goers.

Years ago the Baltimore society woman went to market almost as often as she attended church, in some instances her face was more familiar there than at places of worship. Although she may have had an excellent housekeeper and a competent staff of servants, the housewife of yesterday liked to select, personally, the meats and vegetables for the home. On Tuesday and Friday mornings Lexington market was the objective for many women who were members of the city's wealthiest and most aristocratic families, and a long line of carriages was strung out

along Lexington, Paca and Eutaw streets, no parking system was in vogue then and vehicles might happen to face in any direction. Usually the purchases were sent to the carriage which was left in charge of the coachman, but sometimes the marketing was sent from each stall to the butcher, who packed it all in tub or basket and delivered it to his customer's residence. If the poultry man's boy was rushed with work, this ardent provider would not hesitate to carry a pair of fowls to the carriage herself.

Lexington market has always had interesting features, but perhaps one of the most notable was the young man who manufactured a brand of well known sausage. Every day he put on his white apron and weighed out pound after pound of this popular food for his many customers. But at night this self same young fellow, a musician of rare ability and a fashion plate in full evening dress, directed his own orchestra at the home of some one of his customers, who would dance to his music in the evening and restore their depleted energy with

## MARKET MEMORIES

his sausage for breakfast next morning. Surely this was an odd combination, for one to be proficient in vocations of such decided contrasts.

Richmond market was a little nearer to the better residence section and it was here that much of the Saturday buying was done by the elite. This market was always much smaller than the famous Lexington, which has long been one of Baltimore's show places. To have seen the market at its best the visit should have been made just before the holidays, when great wreaths of holly and huge bunches of southern mistletoe decorated even the most obscure stand, or in the early spring when the stalls seemed to bend beneath the weight of pyramids of brilliantly colored fruits and vegetables and their background of Easter lilies. The calendar and its seasons in 1934 do not have their ancient significance any longer, with a continent to draw from, seasons are set at naught, and methods of rapid transportation, undreamed of forty years ago, now bring flowers, fruits, sea food and unforced vegetables to market from the far corners of the earth in hours instead of days.

# *Old Johns Hopkins* DAYS



IN THE early eighties I happened to be the only child in a large house full of Johns Hopkins University professors and a few holders of fellowships in that already celebrated institution of advanced learning. The house was then known as 132 West Madison street, at the corner of Tyson; today it is numbered 216. Here I knew Judge Thomas M. Cooley, an authority on Constitutional Law, the subject on which he delivered a course of lectures at the Hopkins.

But it was his charming daughter, who with her Indian stories, interested the eight-year-old boy far more than the good humored jurist. The Cooleys came to Baltimore from Wisconsin, a State which seemed far, far away in the drowsy Eighties, and the young girl's tales of bears, Indian raids and scalplings thrilled my child's soul with horror and stood my hair on ends o' night, but I never wearied of these recitals.

## OLD JOHNS HOPKINS DAYS

Also in this remarkable household was Miss Christine Ladd who sometime after married Dr. Fabian Franklin who was at this time professor of mathematics at the Hopkins. It was a rare privilege to know these brilliant persons. I well remember when Miss Ladd demonstrated to me one afternoon, the physical law of expansion and contraction. She inserted a cork tightly into a glass vial and tossed it in on the coals of an open gratefire which was burning in her room. In a moment the air swelled and the cork popped out, immediately Miss Ladd removed the vial with a pair of tongs and held it near the window when it cracked from top to bottom. Finally she took a round wooden ruler and rolled it over the vial, explaining that the glass was now "pulverized." All this happened over fifty years ago, but anyone who ever met Mrs. Fabian Franklin would never forget her.

Cleveland Thayer who was taking his Ph.D. at the University was courting the daughter of our hostess; he lived in the house, and one night, after a holiday out of town, returned very late. Next morn-

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

ing when the maids were tidying the front hall they found a large rat hanging by its tail from the chandelier. Mr. Thayer had found the rampaging rodent in the passage the night before, killed it with his cane and suspended it from the gas fixture; just a student joke.

Here, too, I knew of the earliest of scientific physical culturists, Dr. E. M. Hartwell, a burly, red-bearded man, who was fond of children and often "noticed" me, but never gave me candy, contrary to his theories no doubt. Then there was the late Dr. G. Stanley Hall, a serious faced, but friendly man who was even then a noted psychologist; also Dr. Richard Burton who has long since become well known as a poet and writer. Mrs. Ada Egerton, our gracious hostess, dubbed him "Richard of the Lion Heart." He used to stand on his hands and turn somersaults for my amusement, but sometimes forgot to remove his glasses and they would fall on the floor; if they happened to break, the show was over for several days.

For all these years I have carried the memory of



## OLD JOHNS HOPKINS DAYS

the first lines of one of Doctor Burtons poems, called "March":

*"The world of today is a nun in gray,  
And the wind is her wailing prayer  
To God, to give her a face like May  
Flower-like, sweet and fair."*

There was a fair sized yard back of this famous house, and in the early summer these scholarly men and others I have not named, would sometimes play with me and my small bat and ball. Once when I was batting, I tipped the ball, sending it off at an angle. I promptly explained, by saying, gravely, the bat was my "fowling" piece, and was greeted by the bearded professors with cheers. It was some-time before I knew why.

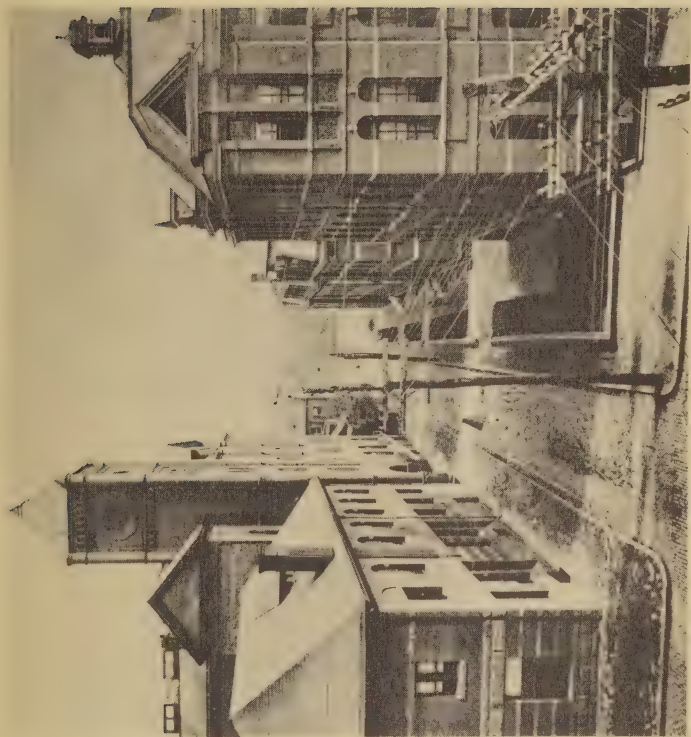
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While I did not meet in those days Daniel C. Gilman the first president of the University, I often saw him and remember him as of the eighties very well, as his pleasant smile and genial personality are unforgettable. Also I knew Dr. Ira Remsen, who was instructor in inorganic chemistry, already fam-

ous in his profession and years after president of Hopkins.

Up to the time when the University moved away from its original location on Howard, Druid Hill avenue and Eutaw street, Dr. Remsen with his Van Dyke beard, and his students could often be seen at work in the laboratories in the afternoons. Doubtless many of those young men I used to watch, using their flasks and test tubes in those old days, are now noted consulting chemists in this country and elsewhere.

Levering Hall which was erected on the northwest corner of Druid Hill avenue and Linden streets, of no more than alley width, was moved in 1884 a distance of about two hundred feet to Eutaw street and Druid Hill avenue. It was an expert engineering feat. I often watched the men working with a forest of hand-power jacks in the execution of this undertaking. Even daily observation seemed to note no movement, no alteration in the position of the building, but in due time, and according to plan, Levering Hall, bricks, mortar, doors and windows was firmly moored to its new harbor and the



LEVERING HALL



## OLD JOHNS HOPKINS DAYS

work was done with such skill that not a crack or injury of any kind was occasioned.

Among the group of Hopkins students of the Eighties that I knew as a boy were Dr. Westal W. Willoughby, later on to become a member of the faculty of the Hopkins, and his brother, William F. Willoughby. I used to stand by them when with two other classmates, they would play old-fashioned whist for a while after dinner in the evening. In the game of those days, the last card would be turned up by the dealer and it designated trumps, and the score was the number of tricks above six. I remember one game when the ace of spades was turned up four times in as many deals.

At McCoy Hall, after 1894, noted lecturers spoke to the students and the general public. Once when I was present to hear the poet Edmund Clarence Stedman talk, the class bell rang suddenly. Mr. Stedman was about to make an allusion to lines by Thomas Hood, and at the first notes of the gong, quoted:

*"Those evening bells! Those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells!"*

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

A refined and modulated laugh, at this timely quotation, went around the hall.

At Mrs. Egerton's, when she had removed from Madison street to the building now known as Hotel Sherwood, on Monument between Park and Howard, I knew the late Dr. Maurice Bloomfield. He was for many years a world-known authority in Sanscrit and Oriental languages, and held the chair in these subjects at Hopkins. It was here he brought his bride about the year 1885. The Doctor's talented musician sister, the noted pianist Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, was present one drizzly day when a party of guests were in the handsome double parlors. I was curled up in a corner reading and overheard the grown-ups, while impatiently awaiting dinner, improvising various forms of music to a silly rhyme some one had composed. With the aid of his sister the Doctor developed some remarkable tunes, which he rapped out on the rain-wet window. Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler's own composition was highly symphonic and the accompanying words ran something like this:



OLD JOHNS HOPKINS DAYS

*"I saw some flies on the window pane  
One cold day in the rain;  
I caught them, and I killed them—  
That dreary day in the rain."*

Her brother, the good Doctor Bloomfield, said that while he approved the music it was so near dinner time that he begged to delete the word "killed" and substitute the word "ate". Whereas the ladies, in true early Eighty days, appeared to be greatly shocked and their outburst was short-termed by the bell, at last, ringing for dinner.

# *Readin, 'n' Ritin'n* 'Rithmetic



THE STOREHOUSE of our memories holds no recollections more pleasant than those of our School Days, and of the boy and girl friends of that far off time. Lucky was I to pass my boyhood in a public school, the original No. 19 situated in the early Eighties on the east side of Park avenue, near Preston street. Miss Sarah E. Clarke was principal of the Primary Department; she was a fine woman, and a kind hearted and efficient teacher.

In those old days, corporal punishment was still in vogue, many a time Miss Clarke had to rattan the bad boys, the small ones she folded across her knee and applied the switch to the place intended by nature to receive it. Large boys were told to hold out hands and five stinging raps on each quickly given. If the offender was big, or showed resistance, Miss Clarke had only to open a door communicating with the Grammar School and Mr. Charles E. Elliott,

the principal would come in and take hold where she left off.

Boys thus punished rarely showed any resentment, the correction did them good, and the younger pupils—a little awed—worked all the harder for a while.

What quaint remarks the kids used to make sometimes: The teacher in the Natural History period asked some small children if they could take off their nice warm overcoats? "Oh, yes," replied the children. "And" said the teacher—"can the big black bear take off his fur overcoat?"

"No-o, indeedy" said the children, and when asked for the reason, one of them said: "Cause goodness only knows where the buttons are!"

Of many schoolmates at No. 19 one we all admired was John A. Way, a stout boy and a good fighter, who used to see to it that the rough fellows did not pick on the little ones. His youthful characteristics foreshadowed his life's work, for after thirty years on the Baltimore Police Force, as Lieutenant

Way, was retired. His efficiency will be long remembered.

In these old days the classes of the City schools, Nos. 6, 14, 19 and others were made up in part of boys whose parents were in comfortable circumstances, and they sat side by side with the poorer children. We all played together at recess, and on back lots, and the thing worked well. The spirit of Democracy was an actuality, not a theory. Private schools were not then so numerous, and in fact, many well to do parents thought twice of the taxes they paid to the city, and sent their sons, if not their daughters, to the public schools for some time.

Snow and rain were eagerly looked for by the whole school, for on bad days we often had one session. In the Eighties we were in school from nine to twelve, then came the long recess for lunch. Many of the scholars lived near enough to go home for a hot meal. We met again at half past one, and worked at lessons until three o'clock, but if we were kept in for any reason, in winter it was late when the school day was over. Hence the joy of one session.

## READIN' 'N 'RITIN 'N 'RITHMETIC

There were, of course, no telephones in the schools, and whenever it rained hard or snowed, a telegram ordering one session was sent to the schools from the City Hall. It was brought by a messenger boy, whose arrival in his wet, shining rubber coat had been impatiently awaited. We knew then we'd go home at two o'clock. At noon we rushed merrily to the corner confectionery store, where we devoured pies, cakes, buns and candy, washed down with long thin bottles of wintergreen and peppermint water. After this gorging, light or heavy, according to our pocket money, or ability to borrow, the older and bolder boys might light a cinnamon cigarette! Young sports of fifty years ago!

Teachers in the grammar school, some of whose names will be recalled, were Miss Godfrey, Miss Baer, and Miss Webster, who, on account of her titian locks was "Reddy Webster", Miss Mary Wallace, or "Reddy Wallace" for the same reason. Then there was Miss Annie Brundidge, she was a pretty woman with beautiful hands, even ink stained,

chalky school boys would watch her fingers when she wrote on the blackboard.

Our school had the usual number of inventors of tricks to torment the teachers. We made small sling shots, with rubber bands, bent hair pins for prongs, orange peel and spit balls for amunition. One of us by great industry chewed up enough paper of one kind or another to make a huge spit-ball to which a string was attached, and to the string a paper doll. The ball was suddenly thrown to the ceiling, where it stuck, the doll swaying with the least breath of air, to the great excitement of the school room. Since no stick was long enough to reach it the contraption had to remain quite a while.

Spelling and arithmetic were done in those times on slates. How we hated the new ones, and many will remember mending them with string when they came apart. A moist sponge was the regular way to erase mistakes, but a higher polish was obtained by a far simpler, if less sanitary procedure. The ordinary slate pencil in the hand of an expert could make the most excruciating sounds, which set the



teacher's nerves on edge, hence soapstone pencils were favored by instructors.

Of slate artists there were two of real talent in my school. Harry Wunderlich drew fire engines and scenes with accuracy and action, his smoke effects—smudged slate dust, were elegant. Baird Easter depicted battles of Indians and Civil War Soldiers. He filled his slate with forts, cannon, infantry and cavalry, all in good composition. Such indications of talent today would attract the notice of teachers, and the young artists steered toward the Maryland Institute.

We were never taught Latin in old times, but I'll never forget the prefix—trans, nor the way I learned it.

A small pupil asked "What does Trans-Atlantic mean, Teacher?"

"Across the Atlantic Ocean, of course."

But Teacher, does "Trans" Always mean A-Cross?"

"I suppose so, now stop bothering me."

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

“Well then,” said the child “Does Trans-Parent, mean a cross parent?”

I do not remember if this, possibly unconsciously made wise-crack was awarded a merit or a demerit.

# *Something* Changeless Still Abides

BACK IN those early Eighties, a period about which I have often written, particularly concerning Baltimore's informal history, it was my custom to spend a winter afternoon, February 22 usually, at the Walter's Art Gallery.

This world famous collection was only to be seen in those days in the building which existed at that time as an annex to No. 5 West Mount Vernon Place, the private residence of the original collector-owner. While the gallery was open on a few days each week in the winter and spring, it was rather the art-loving, travelled and cultured Baltimoreans who availed themselves of these relatively rare opportunities, than the general public, which came to know the treasures of the gallery very much more intimately in the last score or more years, and since the erection of the present handsome structure.

As I lived nearby I watched the erection of the

present gallery and well recall the almost inexhaustible springs which appeared when the foundation was excavated. Automatic pumps were connected with these underground water courses and they worked day and night for many months.

In the Eighties and Nineties cards for admission to the Walters were obtained among other places, from the old Croft & Conlyn pharmacy at Park and Madison, a drug store, which until recently, was pretty much the same in its interior arrangements as it was when I was a boy. Visitors were admitted to the gallery, and their cards taken, by the dignified negro butler who continued in his position until his death a few years ago.

On such holidays as George Washington's Birthday there were frequently so many people present that they were forced to await their turn to study some of the more popular paintings. You could not immediately step up to the object of your admiration, to examine an enjoy, but had to make several rounds of the room in order to eventually secure an opportunity to get the right distance, or best angle of view.

But any possible annoyance caused by the crowd in the narrow limits of the old, private gallery, was largely outweighed by the charming character of these gatherings, which often took on the appearance of an afternoon reception in the private home of some social leader, rather than merely a host of art lovers viewing a collection of paintings and art objects. Young as I may have been in the Eighties, I remember seeing on my afternoon at the Gallery the late Charles Tiernan, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Tait, J. Appleton Wilson, William F. Lucas and his sister Miss Bertha Lucas, J. Swann Frick, De Coursey W. Thom, John Henry Keene, Miss Marie Reuling and the belles and beaux of Baltimore, singly and in groups.

Even as a youth I was interested in pictures and regretted the absence from the collection of an example of that brilliant artist of the English School, Richard Parkes Bonnington, who died in his twenties. Years after my first visit to the Walters I learned why the gallery does not include a Bonnington either

in oils or water colours. Miss Bertha Lucas once told me the reason.

As is well known her uncle, the late George Lucas, long time resident of Paris, who having once crossed the Atlantic would never do so again, negotiated the purchase, as Mr. W. T. Walters representative, of many of the finest gems in the Gallery. Mr. Lucas was one of the world's experts in critical knowledge of the authenticity of both English and Continental paintings. He had been on the lookout for a choice example of R. P. Bonnington, and having at last come up with one in Paris, cabled Mr. Walters "Have found a Bonnington," Mr. Walters replied by cable "Are you sure?" And Mr. Lucas did not act in the matter any further, so far as Mr. Walters was concerned.

Invariably on my tour of the Walters on my half-holiday, I paused for a while before Dagnan-Bouveret's "An Accident", for like most boys of fifteen I was something of a jack-knife whittler, and having had many a cut finger myself, thoroughly appreciated the plight of the youngster whose in-



jury is being attended by the rather dandified and very professional looking physician, who, in this excellent cottage-home group, is giving first aid.

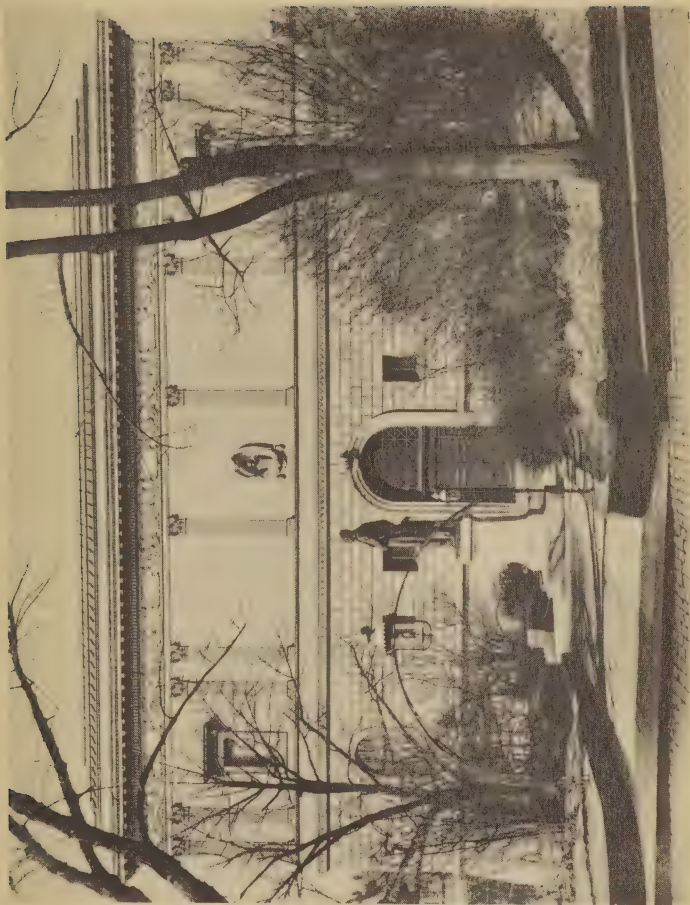
Another work that attracted me and many other sentimental adolescents, was a masterpiece of L. Alma-Tadema, "Sappho". It is recorded, I believe, that this artist started his career as simply Laurens Tadema, but finding his name, when he exhibited, far down in the catalogues, attached the prefix "Alma", with the hyphen, to his signature, and thus secured a position at the very top, or near it, of alphabetical lists of exhibitors. Standing near "Sappho" one afternoon I heard a young girl exclaim, "His soul goes into the marble, doesn't it?"

Of a surety it was marble and stone to which Alma-Tadema devoted much of his concentrated attention. I used to scrutinize the weather stained stone seat where the poet Alcaeus sits with his lyre; the discolored seams and veins in the marble, and the blue sky in the distance of this charming picture have remained impressed on my memory for years, and to see the painting again, whether once or a

dozen times, is only a redevelopment of those far away, original impressions.

But that imaginative, mystical, painting by Gleyre, "Lost Illusions" was to me, even in those remote days, much more interesting. At a time when much in youth was dream and illusion, I was enthralled by the canvas of an artist who, when seated on the bank of the river Nile, saw in a sort of clairvoyance a graceful Egyptian barge float silently into his view. It bore, as Gleyre seemed to see, his own illusions. Not until eight years after his vision by the Nile did he paint this picture.

At the right sits an aged poet representing the artist; his eyes look, as though entranced, into the distance. In the centre of the barge, which floats by with feathery lightness, sits a lovely girl who holds a scroll of music. Behind her are maidens, while to her left angels are singing, and there is another group also lifting their voices in song. The air is that of a summer evening towards twilight, and the soft light of the gloaming permeates the



THE WALTERS ART GALLERY



entire scene, giving it an atmosphere of sadness and mystery.

From this grave, retrospective, really great painting, I would often turn to the remarkable Rousseau, "Winter Solitude." Of all the landscapes I have seen in art galleries on both sides of the Atlantic, this has always been one of my favorites. R. B. Gruelle, an art critic, writing in 1895, said of this work that, "it stands alone unsurpassed in any age or epoch of art."

And this may be true. The composition is simple in the extreme. A somewhat undulating field, it might be in almost any state or country, is depicted; masses of melting snow, a sparse piece of ground, a little dead grass showing, earth and stones here and there. It represents one of those dull, dark, and soundless days, described by Edgar Allan Poe on the first page of his story "The Fall of the House of Usher." The sky, heavy with leaden clouds stretches off into the distance; a solitary beam of sunlight breaks through near the horizon, touching the clouds with gold. The sky and its light action is almost uncanny and one can imagine that he sees

actual movement in the clouds and in the color changes. The painting is suffused with its own peculiar light as of soft glowing lanterns far away—back of a painted screen. The picture is the very essence of a lagging winter day and the scene haunts one long after it has been studied.

Possibly for the reason that as a ten year old lad I had helped to tend sheep one winter in the country, I always gave more than a passing glance to "The Sheepfold," by Millet. In this little canvas the artist produced the effect of great depth and breadth. The key note is repose and mysterious stillness. A luminous moon gives a soft and mellow light over the shepherd, his dog and his flock. I remember seeing, thirty years ago, a series of photographs, made by the late Hewitt A. Beasley, of the sheep at Druid Hill Park, being herded into their fold on a late winter evening. Just fine photographs, perhaps, in delicate platinum grays, but they were remarkable pictures and I feel certain Beasley had earnestly studied this marvelous Millet and from it gotten his inspiration.



Since youth is, or ought to be the age of action, I gave in my boyhood, many a long interested look at "The Attack At Dawn," that oft copied gem by DeNeuille. This large, spirited picture shows dawn breaking through the darkness, the hour when stillness is most complete. In the shadows the dim, fitful glow of the street lamp discloses the vague outlines of the advancing Prussians; pouring into the street from an inn come the French, some gain the open to be shot down; we almost hear the crack of the rifles; flashes from the guns and little puffs of smoke heighten the effect.

Here is wonderful drawing of the human figure in action, in the depiction of which DeNeuille was a master. The great power of "The Attack At Dawn," is I think, the tremendous contrasts it presents. There is the strange combination of the silence of the hour as regards the life of the village, and the sudden crash and fury of the unexpected military clash. But of all the striking details of the painting, the detached, inclined figure of the bugler in the slushy, wheel-rutted road, sounding the alarm, is the detail

which has never faded from my memory since I first saw the picture forty-odd years ago.

My stroll around the gallery would now bring me before another of my landscape preferences, "The Storm" by Diaz. This is a realistic portrayal of nature in moody anger. Dark, lowering clouds twist and twirl as they bank and cover the sky; a twilight gloom envelops the scene. Across the upper ranges of the sky, rags of wild, inky clouds move in unision; one can almost sense the rush of a cool wind blowing. The storm forces, not yet fully marshalled, permit a single ray of sunlight to fall on the ground, accentuating the general sombreness of the painting. Passing over the field in the middle distance, a peasant bends his back to the power of the winds in his haste and effort to gain some sort of sanctuary, before the down-pour which the steadily darkening firmament shows to be imminent.

Early memories of many visits to the Walters collection doubtless centre in two small canvasses, each painted in what is sometimes termed today, the "old school" manner, but which are, neverthe-

less, great works of art. Certainly these two pictures have always been favorites of mine.

The first of them is Gerome's "Duel After the Masquerade." As through a thin veil you see the last act of a duel that has just been fought in a snow covered park in Bois de Boulogne, Paris. The loser of this play of swords is in the first stages of death; his upper body is supported by his second; he scarcely breathes in his utter and complete relaxation, limp and pulseless he swoons; he is barely able to still hold the handle of his rapier as his blood oozes onto the white tufts which ornament his costume. In a moment all will be over and the man will be a corpse. His antagonist with his second are walking hurriedly away, and in the foggy distance can be seen the outlines of a carriage.

Jean Leon Gerome painted many pictures, but none probably, equal the realism and the atmospheric envelopment of this tense, dramatic scene.

A final memory, "1814," that admirable example of Meissonier. How often I have looked at it! On a knoll from which the ground falls off precipitously,

the Emperor is shown seated on Marie his faithful little mare, whose white form is aristocratic in every line. To the right and down the hill are members of Napoleon's staff, but they might as well be leagues away, so isolated, so utterly alone is the thick-set, stolid figure on the horse. He is clad in his silvery gray overcoat, beneath which is the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard. The wind has blown his coat back and shows upon his breast his decorations, emblems of triumph in the glorious days never to come again. The Emperor's expression is one of dogged determination, but the threatening sky, in this case a rare tribute from Meissonier to symbolism, seems to forecast the doom which is soon to overtake him.

There is a sense of largeness and power in this small canvas, which prompted the late artist, Irving Ward, to say, "it is the biggest little picture in the whole world of art."

And so while Baltimore's skyline changes from year to year, the old time streets alter their appearance, new buildings supplant the stores and dwell-

SOMETHING CHANGELESS STILL ABIDES

ings of the past, and people once seen going and coming, have gone to come no more, and others have grown older and out of our knowledge, it is with a thrill of anticipation and a glow of pleasure, that we go to the Walters Gallery there to see again, and commune with, the pictures first seen and loved in our youth.

For they are changeless and things of beauty which fortunately still abide.

# *Father* AND SON...



A WINTER night in the Eighties. The hour is late and the residences on Mount Vernon Place are dark and silent. A carriage drives up to number 65, and from it a gentleman, with a drooping moustache and shaggy beard, wearing a cape overcoat, gets out. Immediately his ears are assailed by a hard hammering noise and he sees vaguely, the form of a man at the vestibule of his home. The outer doors are decorated with applied sculptured bronze; they are beautiful doors and the man is kicking them fiercely. The wearer of the cape overcoat is William T. Walters, and as he mounts the marble steps, he says abruptly, to his belated visitor:

“Here! Why are you kicking my doors?”

The man explained that he was the bearer of a letter and he had not been able to find the door-bell owing to the darkness. Mr. Walters showed him the bell, which on being pulled, promptly brought a



manservant, to whom he said: "Turn on the light above the doors and see that it burns hereafter all night, and all day too."

This is the true reason for the continual burning of the lamp at the Walters home, known since 1889 as "number 5 W. Mt. Vernon Place." And in this little incident there is a hint of the way in which the elder Walters did things, promptly, thoroughly and with foresight. If the light was kept burning at all times there would be no question of omission to turn it on.

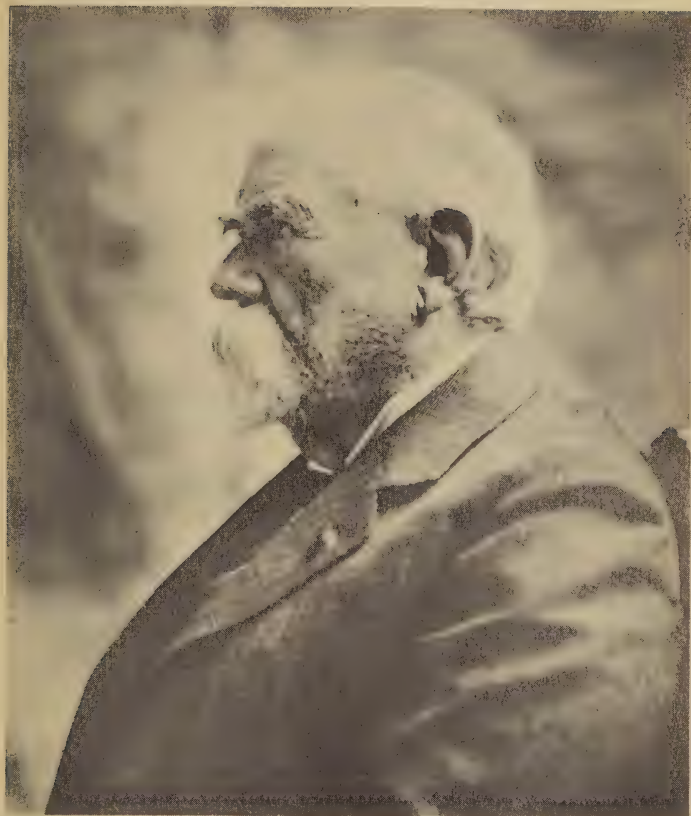
William Thompson Walters, the original founder of the great art gallery which bears his name, came from a hardy Scotch-Irish ancestry, and was born on May 23rd, 1820. His mother's maiden name was Jane Thompson, and his father, Henry Walters, was for many years a prominent Harrisburg, Pennsylvania merchant and banker. They lived in the pleasant Juniata Valley near the river of the same name, it being the largest tributary of the Suquehanna. As he grew into manhood the mineral deposits of Pennsylvania began to attract serious attention, and

improved means of intercourse by canal and railway between the mountain severed sections of the State were matters of public concern.

Foreseeing the need for trained men in the work soon to be afoot, his parents placed him in the best schools of Philadelphia, where he was educated as a civil and mining engineer. Although in early life he settled to a different pursuit, yet much of his character was strengthened and intensified in his youth by the laborious and hazardous field practice which his original profession demanded.

In frequent journeys on horse-back through the rugged mountain regions of Pennsylvania, where for hundreds of miles along the ridges, there was a wilderness without road or bridle-path, long before the echoing blasts of the locomotive was heard in these hills, William T. Walters became intimately familiar, from the summits of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, with all this rough region.

The physical and mental invigoration of this outdoor life stimulated him in every way, while the



HENRY WALTERS



varying aspects of nature nourished that love for the picturesque and the beautiful, which distinguished him throughout his entire life. On his lonely horse-back rides in observation of the landscape scenes the young Walters surely received lasting impressions of beauty which influenced him in his love of art; little escaped his alert eyes, and in those superb paintings he was afterward to own, he must have seen vivid suggestions of the mountain views he knew in his boyhood. And undoubtedly too, from his early years in these wild forests he developed that tendency to listen rather than to speak which clung to him to a great degree in after life, for mountaineers are rather silent men, often far more sententious than wordy.

However, as Baltimoreans knew him he was usually a patient listener, but always, inwardly if not indeed visibly, bored by extravagant praise of his art treasures, especially by those whose admiration overflowed in flowery terms, but which did not come from genuine, expert knowledge. A "windy" fellow was once complimenting the gallery in glori-

fying phrases, when Mr. Walters finally cut in with the remark:

“You have yet to learn either how much, or how little you know.”

And when he was getting on in years, to a friend almost as close-mouthed as himself, he said “Everybody talks too much, even you and I.”

In 1845 he married Ellen, daughter of Charles A. and Anna D. Harper, of Philadelphia. Three children were born of this union, the late Henry Walters on September 26, 1848 in Baltimore, to which city his father had come to live seven years before. At this time the elder Walters was developing the commission business he had founded with Charles Harvey in 1847 and later greatly enlarged. In its day this firm, widely known as Wm. T. Walters & Co., did a very extensive trade with all nearby states and especially throughout the South.

Born and brought up in a Northern state and loyal to it, yet after a score of years residence in Baltimore, when the Civil War loomed on the hori-



zon, so divided were Walter's affections that he felt he could take no passionate side in the conflict, which in his vision was as inevitable as it was unfortunate. Therefore in 1861 taking his family with him, he went abroad where he spent the whole period of the War. These years he passed in continual and intensive study of the fine arts.

In Europe, as his son Henry grew from childhood to youth, the two became inseparable companions, and the father took the boy when he was about fourteen years of age through the great Continental art galleries, where he instilled into the lad's impressionable mind the points and merits of fine painting, and of other arts and handicrafts both ancient and modern. It was during these four years of residence abroad that Wm. T. Walters secured and added to his growing collection many of its choicest examples, and the young Henry was present, beyond a doubt, when many of his best pictures and other objects were considered and purchased.

At the close of the Civil War and again in Baltimore he realized the advantages of early re-estab-

lishment of southern lines of steamers, aided their formation in many ways, and also took part in the organization of new lines. He was president of the first steamship company to operate between Baltimore and Savannah, and a director from time to time in every line established from Baltimore to the South; and at this time and later, he was interested, as a stockholder or director in practically every railroad and steamboat company which went out from the cities and ports of Maryland, where such companies were of origin in that State.

Never having a doubt that the South would rapidly recover the losses entailed by the War, soon thereafter Mr. Walters personally, and thoroughly explored, by frequent visits, the whole of that country, purposely meeting the leading men in every sort of business. At this time he especially showed a dominating trait of his character, which caused him to look into and examine with pertinacious care every detail of the enterprises in which he became engrossed. The valuable information gained by his investigations served him and his associates well

for the large and ultimately successful operations which followed soon after these expeditions.

The full story of the railroad development and organization throughout the South and Southwest which took place largely through the genius and vision of William T. Walters, Benjamin F. New-comer and the Jenkins brothers, is a vitally interesting one, and when closely considered leaves little doubt, if any, that these men did more to underwrite and promote the reconstruction of that territory, after the Civil War, than any others in this part of the country. The re-establishment of transportation by land and water laid the foundation for the physical and financial renaissance of the Southern States, which followed slowly, by unearthing and buying up long stretches of grass covered, rusty rails, and transforming them into running railroads, the equal in rolling stock and service to any of those operating at the time.

In the Seventies, then in his prime, he was well established as a financier and railroad expert. Physically he was a little under average height, but

broad and well knit in the shoulders, his head was deep-set, giving somewhat the appearance of a permanent shrug; he stood firmly on his feet, and his legs were slightly bowed, the result of his long days in the saddle in his youth. He weighed at this time about 175 pounds, and while his hands were small for a man of his build, his general figure was muscular. His eyes were steady and direct, a sort of power seemed to flow from his gaze, and while his laugh was a little cold at times, he had much good humor in him.

In conversation he was never chatty, but usually spoke to the point, and wasted no time about trifles; when he made a statement of importance he was apt to use his hands in emphasis. Through all his long life the acute, penetrating, metaphysical Scotch-Irish type of intellect, which he inherited, predominated. The rapidity and prevision of his method of thought is nicely indicated by the fact that when in conference with some associate in railroad or financial operations, while the other man would be covering sheets of paper with figures and memor-



W. T. WALTERS  
*Portrait by Leon Bonnat*





anda, W. T. Walters, having passed the proposition through his mind, would announce the vital and approximately correct estimates the result of mental calculations alone. His faculties for clear, logical and relatively instant exposition were remarkable. And at the moment of such demonstrations he was wont to twit his confreres with the delay caused by tediously made computations when precise figures were not as yet essential.

The following anecdote of the elder Walters is quite typical. He was well acquainted with S. Teackle Wallis and, being generous to his friends, sometimes gave the distinguished lawyer and citizen a picture or object of art. Two fine bronzes by Barye formed one of these gifts. In time they passed into the possession of a well known Baltimore collector, who in showing them to a friend, referred to the pieces as the "Walking Lion" and "Walking Lioness." This collector on one occasion told Mr. Walters that he owned this pair of bronzes, and identified them in the way mentioned. Mr. Walters bridled at once, as Bayre was one of his enthu-

siasms, the sculptor who made perfect, realistic statues of animals. "Walking Lion" he said explosively, "yes, but not "Walking Lioness", it is a "Walking Tiger."

Almost invariable is the rule that a son rarely inherits the identical ability and tastes of his father, or if, possibly, he does inherit definite tendencies and tastes which may be alike in kind, they are seldom so in degree. This seems particularly true when talents and perceptions in the fine arts are considered. A notable exception is to be found in the case of William T. Walters and his son Henry, original founder and final individual owner of the celebrated Walters Art Gallery.

Henry Walters was born when his father was twenty eight years old and was with his parents during their residence in Europe from 1861 to 1865, and in these years the boy passed from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year. In 1862 his mother died in London, placing him more than ever in his father's care. The years thus spent were those when the youth's mind was in its formative and most suscep-

## FATHER AND SON...

tible state, and it was then that a love for the beautiful, born in him was strengthened and encouraged.

On returning to America after the Civil War, Henry attended Loyola College, Georgetown University and Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard. After these courses of study, he commenced his railroad career by taking a minor position in the engineering corps of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. which was then extending the Valley Road in the southern part of the same mountain ranges which his father had known so well in his boyhood. From this employment he went to the operating Superintendent's office of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville R. R. After a brief term with that Company he entered the service of the Atlantic Coastline and eventually became its general manager. Henry Walters greatly extended the Atlantic Coastline by merging it with the Plant System of Railroads in Georgia and Florida, and by purchasing the control of the Louisville & Nashville R. R., becoming thereafter the largest stockholder in the road and heading its board of directors.

During the World War he represented the railroad interests on the staff of the Federal Director General of Railroads. Noted for years as one of the wealthiest men in the South, his name was often mentioned with those of his father and other outstanding builders of the main arterial systems of the railroads of this country.

Immediately on the death of his father in 1894, when he was forty six years of age, Mr. Walters became the sole owner of the magnificent art collection, and he proceeded to carry out an idea which had been in his mind, to further increase and in some ways improve the collection, and to erect a suitable building for its exhibition and preservation; this whole undertaking he planned to be a memorial worthy of his father. Already for years a trained railroad man and financier of high standing, he also succeeded to large and diversified interests which came to him under his father's will; he moreover inherited from his earliest years, his father's love for art, and was as ardent and persistent in seeking the rare and the beautiful as he had been,

## FATHER AND SON . . .

perhaps more so than ever, after the latter's death; and the ability of the son for business enterprises was much the same as the father's.

For over twenty five years, close companions and often of similar mind and sympathies, the two men worked together in railroad matters, had daily conferences and planned together innumerable details of their large business. They were so much alike in the main, that it may be said of both that they were bold and aggressive, but cool and prudent, wide-reaching, but conservative; prompt to the moment in all engagements, and held their verbal promises as of absolute obligation even in small connections. The Walters men never repined; were quick in their intuitions of men's characters, good negotiators, but more keen to listen than to talk. Each of them won early in life the position of leader in the financial world, and in the realms of art each occupied, during the largest parts of their lives, the highest possible place in the estimation of experts and of the world at large. They lived intensely, actively, yet demurely and quietly; never in the

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

literal sense cold, they were calm, and not easily, nor often excitable; tireless and minute observers, they were men whose lives were after all, primarily in art, and to whom life and art were inextricably one.

Henry Walters was a thick-set man of a little less than average height and was of a different figure when compared to his father for his own youth had not been spent amid similar surroundings. He wore much the same type of shaggy beard and moustache, and was of a generally rugged appearance. He was a hospitable and gracious host; the dinners and lunches he gave in his home were of surpassing excellence, in fine food he was a connoisseur, as his father had been before him, and the delicacies served on his table, especially southern dishes, game and terrapin, were famous among his personal friends. At St. Mary's, his large estate near Govanstown, Mr. Walters, as was his father's custom, fed all his poultry on a mixture of barley and buckwheat. This diet he believed gave his ducks, chickens and turk-



eys a distinct and very palatable flavor, very much akin to wild fowl and game.

While in his office and in contact with business men Henry Walters may have been at times a bit taciturn and abrupt, but with his friends he was a delightful conversationalist. Several years ago when he was giving a dinner at his New York residence to the directors of a corporation, at the conclusion of the meal, with a twinkle in his eye, he called for quiet, saying he had a surprise for his guests, and proceeded to open a panel in the wall of the library. From the aperture there instantly came strains of orchestral music. It was from one of the first of the loud speaker radios. Mr. Walters was one of the early enthusiasts in the new type of wireless, and took pleasure in exhibiting his latest outfit to his friends. But, said the narrator of this incident, his guests would far rather have listened to his after-dinner table talk.

His almost boyish glee over new finds for his collections, is illustrated by another story of a friend who met him one winter day on the street in New

York. Holding his hand cup-like at the top of his overcoat pocket, he gave his acquaintance a quick glimpse of a handful of small ornaments of gold, and small carved figures of the same metal, he smiled and cast a sidelong glance at his pocket.

His visits to his gallery at Christmas time were looked forward to with keen anticipation by the staff, as an overweight turkey besides a generous gift was a certainty. He was a kind and considerate employer, slow to find fault, and rarely exhibited temper even in the case of an occasional breakage of some fragile object, as the following incident will show. A special helper was once carrying, with, as it turned out, an over anxious degree of care, a valuable Chinese vase. In ascending the marble steps one at a time, the man's foot slipped and in his fall the vase was shattered. This was reported later, by someone else, to Mr. Walters, who instantly asked: "Was the man hurt?"

A final story will explain the unusual affiliation which existed between the founders of the Walters Gallery. In 1891 Henry was suffering with a

## FATHER AND SON . . .

gouty pain in his heel, and for three months was at St. Mary's. His father was also there all of the time, indisposed with a similar painful complaint. A railroad man from Norfolk paid a call on the two martyrs, and when he was leaving remarked that he wondered how even a father and son could remain so close together for so long a time. At this Mr. William T. Walters said, with his rare chuckle:

“But Henry and I are much more than father and a son, we are great friends.”

# *Druid Hill* P A R K



A GREAT event in child life in old times was a summer day visit to the Park. Children enjoyed Druid Hill Park, which in the Eighties, was the one nearest my home.

The excursion was made by way of the Madison avenue horse-cars, the old *white* line, with its jingling bells and fancy windows.

The car line took us to the entrance and from there we walked to a place near the Druid Hill avenue gate, where the sulphur-pump used to be, and there we took a sort of steam car, called the "Dummy Engine." The dummy ran on tracks parallel for part of the run to what is now Auchentoroly Terrace, and thence to the Mansion House.

There were several two-horse phaetons, fare three cents. They had longitudinal seats; and, also there were carriages for those who wished long drives through the winding roads and wooded glades. Druid Hill was wild and rugged in the old

## DRUID HILL PARK

times compared to its fine state today, and the deer ranged everywhere—unrestrained.

The marble pumphouse near the big Lake, with its tall chimney, was very picturesque, and the main feature of many a photograph. On Summer afternoons the great fountain played;—with its column of water rising to quite a height and falling again in rainbowed spray, the Lake Drive was a beautiful sight! Hosts of handsome equipages with their thoroughbred horses, trotting around-and around the mile and a quarter course,—silver bits and pole chains flecked with froth, while the bustled belles of the period lolled lazily in their cushioned broughams and victorias. Some of these beauties held beribboned pug dogs, the popular pet of the day, and others, coquettishly poised diminutive parasols. In and out of this glittering parade, the occasional bicyclist, on his high machine, flitted in danger, as he does today among the automobiles.

For many years the late Captain William Cassell was superintendent of Druid Hill Park. He was a fine old man, burly in form, with a rugged face

and close cropped beard. He had a wonderfully kind and gentle nature and was beloved by everyone, especially by the scores of children who played daily in the Park. During a severe thunder storm he bravely drove through his domain, checking the damage done, and to assure himself that the sheep, and other animals, were as safe as possible.

His grandson, John Cassell, once told me, that as a boy he used to ride around the Park with the Captain in his topless buggy, drawn by an old white horse; one day the buggy was hurriedly driven off the road, over the grass,—his grandfather jumped out, and stamping his foot, killed a ground mole. His keen eyes had seen the turf moving, and to think, was to act, with the Captain!

In the old days, just as now, the Park was full of fine, fat gray squirrels, and it used to be said, that Captain Cassell would permit the shooting of one, if a physician's certificate proved it was for an invalid. The meat of a squirrel in a Brunswick stew was reputed as the most easily digested of all meats.

Here is a story of Captain Cassell's continual vig-





CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY CASSELL



## DRUID HILL PARK

ilance and presence everywhere throughout the broad acres of Druid Hill's lawns and woods:—I was with some friends late one summer afternoon, eating lunch on the grass near Edmund's Well. One of the party inflated a large paper bag "popped" it with a loud bang! On the instant, Captain Cassell hove in sight in his buggy, and stopping his horse near us, asked, if we had head a shot! "I am sure a gun or pistol has been fired," he said, "Are you certain you did not hear a shot?" We explained the origin of the report, and showed him the remains of the paper bag! The Captain laughed heartily, wishing us a pleasant evening drove on.

The sulphur water pump at the Druid Hill avenue entrance which I mentioned stood there years ago. A tin sign was attached to it giving the analysis of the stream which its long iron handle brought forth. Iron, so much per cent, Calcium carbonate so and so much, sulphur a great deal and so on! In the face of this Notice and the nasty, stale-egg taste of the stuff, its drinkers were inclined to wonder if there was any water in it at all!

Railroads of those days. The significance and  
of the bell of a locomotive, although its sound  
heard in the days of Edgar Allan Poe, ap-  
did not impress that poet, since he mentioned  
kinds of bells in his famous verses, but not  
the railroad engine. And yet their ringing, joy-  
melancholy, according to the mood of the  
seems to mean much to humanity as do the  
town hall or Church.

In old times many Hotels in Baltimore  
es to meet the more important trains at  
and Union Stations, and also the Bay board-  
docks. These omnibuses were in charge of  
Negro drivers and porters, who were quain-  
ters, smooth-talking, and full of high pr-  
their houses, eager and clamorous for cu-  
The names of their Hotels were painted  
buses and the drivers wore metal plates on t-  
indicating their establishments.

under the buses of some Hotels still in  
and several which represented Hotels  
es are now only a memory. The Maltby  
Pratt street, Carrollton Hotel, Light be-  
ore, The Eutaw House, the Mount Ver-  
n Mt. Vernon Place, and Guy's which was  
near Fayette street.

rited competition for business which was  
stressed by the hotel porters and hack-  
de the arrival of the stranger and home-  
a colorful and interesting event. There  
of welcome to Baltimore in these solici-  
ng faces, and much bustle and excitement,  
e who travelled, whether often or seldom  
days, came and went by train or steamer.  
Nineties greetings and invitations of these  
nts were emphasized by the waving of  
er, when automobiles were introduced,  
in long linen dusters, waved their crank

all they could wave would be their igni-

# *First Citizens*



Long before the beautiful Pratt Library was dreamed of, Dr. Felix X. Jenkins lived on the northwest corner of Cathedral and Mulberry streets. He was a fine representative of the old family physician. In those days many doctors lived above their offices, and had night bells and speaking tubes. The bells were at the end of a curled spring, shaped like a question mark. You pulled out a silver or china knob in the door frame, any distance from three inches to a foot, and once started into jangling, the bell would ring for a minute.

Across from Dr. Jenkins lived Frank Bennett the great auctioneer of the Eighties and earlier. His widow endowed the Margaret Bennett Home for girls on East Franklin street. Years before, it had been the residence of Mrs. Basil Gordon, the elder. In the side yard Mrs. Gordon had a circular board walk, and around it she would walk every day, with



## FIRST CITIZENS

an umbrella if necessary, for she believed in exercise—rain or shine.

Col. L. F. Loree was president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, when he lived in Baltimore. I was calling on him New Year's Day 1903, at his Eutaw Place residence. In the course of our conversation he remarked in his dry way, "I'm out of a job today." This was true in a sense, as on Dec. 31st, the day before, he had left the B. & O., but the next day January 2nd he was to assume the presidency of the Delaware & Hudson.

One of the most beloved and widely known clergymen in this City was the late Dr. J. Houston Eccleston of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a man of unsurpassed geniality and kindness, and a teller of good stories too. Here is one of them:

It seems the good Doctor had heard of a couple being united in marriage, whose Christian names were Annie and Benjamin. On being asked by a friend, how the pair had looked during the cere-

mony, the officiating parson replied, that they appeared to be Annie-mated and Benny-fitted.

Severn Teackle Wallis I had the privilege of knowing in his last years. He was one of the most gracious and accomplished gentlemen who ever called Baltimore his home. He had a quick and ready wit. One day he was in the green grocery of the late Miss A. Page Reid. A man named Sheehan was the meat clerk, he was occupied and Miss Reid left her high stool at the ledger to wait on her distinguished customer, at which Mr. Wallis called out: "Ha, ha! I see you have two she-hands today!"

The rector of Old St. Paul's, Charles and Saratoga, the late John Sebastian Bach Hodges was one of the best known of Baltimore clergymen. By what inspiration his parents named him in infancy, it is hard to tell, for when he grew up he became a musician and composer of note.

In the old days I knew many members of the clergy and recall with pleasure conversations with the delightful and brilliant Father Walter Drum, instructor in his lifetime at Woodstock College.



CARDINAL GIBBONS



And Father Whelan, too, for a long time at St. Mary's Star of the Sea. A truly wonderful man with great knowledge of the best in literature and art. In his earlier ministry, his Locust Point parish, with its seafaring element, housed at times, a rather rowdy crowd. It was said of John Whelan that his presence in that locality did far more to preserve peace and order than a score of extra policemen.

At five o'clock, precisely, on crisp autumn afternoons, cane in hand, his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons would come from his residence and walk up Charles or Cathedral street. His strong, yet gentle face, lighted with its charming smile and a gleam of interest came into his eyes, when he saw one of his many friends. The Cardinal could walk scarcely a dozen paces, before being joined by, perhaps, James Gustavus Whiteley, the late Hammond J. Dugan, or by his old friend, Michael A. Mullin. His Eminence liked to have company on his constitutional, and those who walked and chatted with him will always recall these occasions with pleasure. And it would be a real walk too, for the Cardinal had a

springy, steady, stride and you had to step out to keep up with him.

The Hon. Ferdinand C. Latrobe, seven times Mayor of our city, was a clever speaker, noted more for his humor, perhaps, than for wit. Fred Huber told me of a talk he heard one night at the Florestan Club. His honor said that a man in public life should be careful to offend as little as possible, the Press, the Pulpit and the Ladies. The ladies, he said, occasionally talked, the pulpit could sermonize you, and when you replied to the press, you had to pay regular advertising rates!

General Murray Vandiver, long time Treasurer of the State of Maryland, I found one day seated at a desk piled high with papers and parcels of printed matter. His office was at the Democratic Headquarters in the Eutaw House, which was on the site of the Hippodrome Theatre. Portraits of Barnes Compton, and Arthur Pue Gorman hung on the walls. Suddenly General Vandiver turned to me and said: "Do you like canvas back ducks?" and not waiting for a reply: "I'll send you a pair at Christmas."



He did too, and many other pairs he sent to his numerous friends.

Such a memory for people and faces had Murray Vandiver, that it was estimated that he knew and could call by name, often the given name as well, more individuals than any man in the State of Maryland. They ran into thousands. A memory for names as well as faces is a real gift for a public man. The Honorable J. Fred C. Talbot—"Uncle Fred"—had this gift also, and commenced his acquaintance with future voters even at the cradle side. This old time Congressman probably dangled and kissed in his travels over the State, more babies, than any other man in or out of politics. Both of these party leaders wore distinctive hats, as will be recalled. "Uncle Fred Talbot's was a light flat-top felt with a black band, and General Vandiver wore a flat top derby.

When Murray Vandiver went to the old Union station to take the evening train for his home in Havre de Grace, if the station happened to be crowded, he was stopped to speak to people so often, that the conductor had to hold the train until the General could break away and get on board.

# *Neighborhood* QUARRELS



SOME persons in this quaint world of ours do not always value neighborship highly enough to do all they might to preserve it in a good and happy condition. Hence the numerous differences which, from time to time, spring up between the owners of adjoining and adjacent properties, continue for years, and sometimes develop into serious feuds. Spite fences are built, walls are raised, rights of way temporarily granted are abused, a neighbor to the right maintains something which to him is a pleasure, to his neighbor on the left, a nuisance; that which is an ornament or a benefit to the one is an eyesore and a fancied or real injury to the other.

And so when discussions fail the parties concerned, when poor and pugnacious, may fight it out with fist or shotguns. Cultured and dignified citizens seek relief by recourse to law. The records of such suits frequently prove good reading when of sufficient moment to gain place in the newspapers and excite,

according to the prominence of the litigants, considerable interest; for property rights and questions pertaining to them appeal to everyone.

Mr. Henry Janes, late of this city, lived for years in his residence on West Mount Vernon Place, and in the enjoyment of his house one of his greatest pleasures was the free and unobstructed view of the Washington Monument. From his drawing-room windows, in every season of the year, day or night, and under all the varying conditions of cloud and sunshine, he could see and delight in this noble shaft of marble, which has always been regarded as one of the most beautiful in existence.

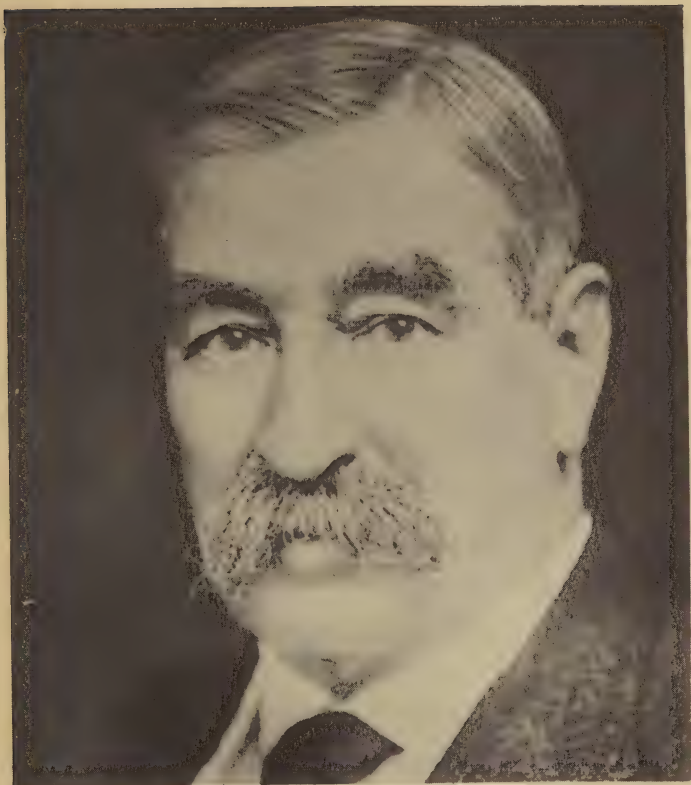
But toward the middle Eighties a shadow threatened to creep in between Mr. Janes and the object of his æsthetic admiration. His neighbor, the late Mr. Robert Garret, made known his intention to build, as an integral part of his imposing mansion, a stone portico to be used as a vestibule and entrance to his house. The architect's plans were shown (it was later proved) to Mr. Janes, who, it was claimed, found nothing in them for special criticism; but technical, scale drawings, chiefly lines and figures, mean little

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to the layman, so no objection was made and the work began. However, when it became evident that Mr. Garrett's porch or portico on completion would interfere with his next-door neighbor's view of the monument, Mr. Janes called for a halt, and none being made, he instituted suit in the Circuit Court praying for an injunction.

Thus commenced one of the most noted cases of its kind in the annals of Baltimore.

The bill of complaint was filed on November 24, 1884, by the well-known attorneys, the late J. Southgate Lemmon and John Henry Keene, of "invective" memory. Relief was sought through the hope for a favorable interpretation of various acts and ordinances dealing with the regulations of the limits within which it was lawful to erect "steps, porticoes, porches or other architectural ornaments" to houses fronting on Mount Vernon Place. The earlier acts limited encroachment from the building line to one-third of the width of the sidewalk; later this was increased to a distance not to exceed nine feet. The technicalities of the acts and ordinances, which had been passed



FERDINAND C. LATROBE





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during a period of upward of fifty years, formed the basis of Mr. Janes' action, but back of it all was his natural desire to preserve his sunshine, air and view, especially his view of the monument. He also charged that by reason of the portico the value of his property was greatly diminished and his comfortable enjoyment thereof prevented.

Mr. Garrett's lawyers were the late John K. Cowan and E. J. D. Cross, both of the legal department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and giants of their time. They contested the case vigorously and many witnesses were called by both sides. Prominent architects testified, among them J. B. Noel Wyatt, Josias Pennington and J. Applegarth Wilson, of Baltimore, and Messrs. Cady, Haight, Post and Robertson, of New York. These experts all agreed that whether the structure involved in the suit was called a "portico, porch, vestibule or entrance," as to which detail there had been some argument, it was artistic and in complete harmony with the rest of the Garrett residence.

The verdict, rendered in the Circuit Court, opinion by Judge Duffy, the elder, was in favor of the

plaintiff. But Mr. Janes' comfort in his victory was shortlived, for Mr. Garrett's lawyers appealed the case promptly, and on April 9, 1886, the Court of Appeals reversed Judge Duffy's decision and the portico was allowed to stand as completed according to the original plans. It may be seen to this day.

As designed and erected, the portico to the Garrett mansion, including the ballustrade at the top, stands about twenty-four feet high, is nearly twenty-two feet long and extends from the building line a little less than the nine feet permitted by the ordinance which was the deciding factor in the case.

When the structure was finished Mr. Janes was unable to see the monument from his first-floor windows or from those on the second floor unless he stood on a chair. But, for this curtailment of his view, the Court of Appeals held (opinion by Judge Ritchie), "as to any interruption of the plaintiff's facilities of outlook in the sense of view merely, it has been long ago decided that for interference with the prospect, it not being an incident of the estate, no remedy lies apart from contract."

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Public sympathy in this interesting controversy must have been largely a matter of partisanship among the friends and acquaintances of the parties to the suit, and doubtless outsiders had some difficulty in taking sides. Everybody who admires fine architecture will approve the entire facade of the Garrett house, and yet the Washington Monument is a thing of such beauty that all who know it will readily understand Mr. Janes' desire to see it from his windows.

However, not all the cases growing out of the occasional absence of entire harmony among neighbors are serious. Adjustments are often reached out of court, and even in some earnest lawsuits there are humorous and amusing elements.

About thirty years ago, when the late Mrs. B. F. Horwitz lived on the northwest corner of Hamilton and Cathedral streets, a carpenter and builder, Christopher C. Watts, had his shop and office opposite her residence on the Hamilton street side. Now and then Mr. Watts or one of his men did some work at the shop, and such work was sometimes commenced at what some persons might term an early, even an unseemly, hour of the day. Owing to the nature of

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his profession, Mr. Watts necessarily used the hammer, the saw, the chisel and other implements of his trade. Naturally enough a disturbance of the atmosphere took place. To this noise Mrs. Horwitz took a great dislike—she objected to it extremely, and diplomatic treaties failing, in the hope of securing an abatement, and a guarantee of her morning slumber, through her attorney, who was also her son, she filed a bill of complaint. This sought an injunction to prohibit what the bill termed a most serious and nerve-racking disturbance of the very early hours of the day when all right-minded persons were entitled to the rest and repose often best obtainable near dawn.

The bill was long, florescent and exceedingly comprehensive. It described the sounds, noises, tumult, clamor and pounding of ax, adz and hammer, and the husky, rasping “he-haw” of the saw, to the minutest detail—to a split-hair semi-quaver.

Mr. Watts retained as his counselor an exceptionally brilliant younger member of the bar, the late Benjamin B. Shreeves, who had read law in the office of Samuel Snowden, Esq. In his answer to Mrs. Horwitz’s bill, Mr. Shreeves fully and fairly met, word

for word, phrase for phrase, in elegance of diction, "in colloquium and innuendo," the statements of the plaintiff's bill. A part of the answer ran along in this fashion:

"That the defendant, owing to the nature of his business and the routine of his employment, did use hammer and saw, and other tools, and that at times the exigencies of his work demanded the speedy completion of some task or other, so that it was occasionally necessary to commence his day's work early in the morning, and that in the present state of invention he knew of no way in which to quell, silence or materially lessen the normal and customary sounds or noises caused by the reverberations, clatter, din, rattle or racket, produced when he or his men used hammer, mallet, saw or other tools, but that if hammers with rubber heads or other detachments devised to deaden, mitigate and reduce sound were procurable, he would cheerfully employ such devices, tools, etc." And so the legal document went on, covering each paragraph of the original bill.

The case was reported in full in the press at the

time and everyone in the neighborhood was on tip-toe to follow it, even to the trial table, to see what the verdict would be. But as a matter of fact, after the filing of the defendant's answer nothing of any importance took place; the case simply evanesced.

But some attic philosophers thought it very probable that the noise and disturbance suit was dropped on account of the fact that about the same time the neighbors near the corners of Cathedral and Hamilton streets were often aroused from sleep at very early hours by the lusty crowing of a rooster, a gamecock as it turned out, maintained in a back yard very close at hand. To notes sent by various householders to the owner of the fowl objecting to these pre-day concerts, replies were received which sought to excuse the "alert and ambitious chanticleer" for his matutinal salutations to the dawn on the plea that it was "his nature to raise his clarion notes in greeting the god of day." But the community united firmly against "chanticleer," and one grandiose note in rejoinder waxed eloquent in words something like this: "Your cock which is the trumpet of the morn doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat awake,



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not only 'the god of day,' but everyone else in the street, and is a much greater nuisance than the sound of even a hammer or saw—especially since your 'chanticleer' starts his crowing long before daylight."

And all discussions speedily came to an end with game-cock being sent either to the open country or the sacrificial block.

# *Dentists Of* Y E S T E R D A Y



ONCE UPON a time I undertook to place in the order of their importance to the human race the various professions. At the start it seemed to me that the architect was the first benefactor to mankind, because he built houses to shelter man from the elements; but then, I thought, it would be useless to shelter man from either the elements or wild beasts, if his health was poor, and so I put the physician ahead of the architect.

But thinking it out further I decided that man and women would have no health for the doctors to keep in order if they did not have good teeth, and moreover, that many would have no teeth at all if it were not for the dentists! And so I place the Dental Profession at the very top of my list, as the most important professional men of those who minister to mankind, for without them we would not, for long, need either homes or physicians.

Paraphrasing Owen Meredith's oft quoted lines,

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which state that civilized man cannot live without cooks, I say—

We may live without friends,  
We may live without books,  
And, much of the time, we live without cooks,  
But of those lit by the sun—who live beneath  
Not one is able to live without teeth!

This, of course, is not literally true, but while human beings can, possibly *exist* on a broth and milk diet, you cannot call such an existence "*living!*" Certainly not in Maryland where duck, turkey, and fine steaks abound.

In the autumn of 1894, the late Dr. Thomas Latimer, a noted Baltimore surgeon of that time, asked me to meet him one morning in his class room at the old Baltimore College of Dentistry, then in the building at the southeast corner of Eutaw and Franklin streets. Dr. Latimer lectured in this institution on anatomy, and wishing to expound on the superficial muscles of the body, and knowing me to be somewhat well muscled, he asked me to pose on the platform by him in a state of considerable undress.

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I antedated the Nudists' Colonies of today by about forty years! Dr. Latimer was a very genial gentleman, a fine fellow, an old bachelor, I believe, and prominent in the Medical Profession, and some of those present may recall him.

But my scene shifts back fifteen years before the above occurrence, and to a dentist's office on the west side of south Broadway, number 17 in those days, not far from east Baltimore street, the late spring of the year 1879. As a seven-year-old boy I sat in the waiting room alone. My maternal grandmother had come to this city from her Virginia home to have her mouth fitted with a set of teeth. At the time of this visit she stayed with my parents on McCulloh street, and when the frequent trips were made to this south Broadway office of the late Dr. W. S. Norris, I escorted my mother and grandma thither. We travelled on the old Citizens Street Railway, on its white line horse cars.

Well do I remember the penetrating, rather disagreeable, odor of creosote, vulcanized rubber, moulds and other materials, which emanated from



DR. FERDINAND J. S. GORGAS





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the laboratory where Dr. Norris did his mechanical work.

In the old days these very unpleasant odors were more or less present in all dental offices, they are not often evident today. At least ninety per cent of the ancient dreads and horrors of having your teeth cared for, extracted or replaced, have vanished through modern refinements, improvements and inventions, and the very notable elevation of the character, ability and education of the dental profession of our age.

My sole reward for the time I lost from play on the occasions of my journeys to East Baltimore, was the great enjoyment I got from the cuckoo clock in Dr. Norris' waiting room.

The frequent appearance of this energetic automaton and his merry hoohoo, was to me, a child, very wonderful, as it was the first cuckoo clock I had ever seen. And now, after over fifty years, whenever I hear the mellow, oft repeated notes of this mechanical little bird, it recalls my childhood, my grandmother's teeth and Dr. W. S. Norris who made them.

At this time, 1880 there were, according to the

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City Directory, about 140 dentists practicing in Baltimore City. Today the number has grown to nearly six hundred and fifty.

Eight or nine years afterward, this same dentist, a popular man in his day, had his office on Charles street near Lexington. I remember that office very well, too, although I was in it only once. It was there I had a tooth extracted, the only one as yet lost *in toto*, a tooth which today the expert, modern, man would preserve, but in the late Eighties it was often the practice to remove a molar if decay had set in, and many a dentist would have taken it out.

Children in those days usually loosened their first teeth by wiggling them, and extraction followed with a waxed cord, suddenly jerked by a more or less nervous parent, or as, in my own case, by the patient himself. and here occurs to me the origin of the phrase "a gift with a string tied to it." This must have started when the little boy pulled a tooth with a cord and handed both the tooth and string to his "girl friend," as a mark of esteem.

The score of years which elapsed between 1880 and 1900 were the last, not only of a century, but of

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an old regime. The habits, customs and characteristics in every detail commenced suddenly to change, and to such a degree, that if anyone who died in the middle of that period, had returned to earth after 1900 he would not have known where he was.

The last thirty years have had their changes too, but they are more in line of improvements and mechanical inventions, rather than fundamental alterations in the very vitals of a city's life and its people. The cause of these transformations was, in my belief, the arrival of the maximum momentum in the rushing renaissance which grew out of the Civil War. The period from 1870 to 1880 was a trying time throughout the whole of this country; rehabilitations of structural importance took up the attention of the people, but from 1880 to 1900 the forces of progress took on top speed and out of it all, came in the early nineties rapid transit in the cities, and rural districts, then everything began to change.

"Rapid transit" became the slogan of the day. We had "rapid-transit" cigars, rapid transit stoves, ranges, and the phrase was applied to a host of every day commodities and to every kind of action or movement in

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daily life, including love, courtship, marriage and divorce. To keep up with fast transportation, people began to move faster, live faster, but as medicine and dentistry also moved faster, people did not start to die faster, and I am confident their teeth improved steadily under new and improved methods of dental care.

But in all of the preceding years important pioneer work had been done, much of it here in Baltimore, and I personally knew some of those dentists of the period of which I am speaking.

While I was never in his office chair, the old velvet covered, betasselled chair of the Eighties, I knew the late Dr. Henry H. Keech, of Hamilton Terrace. He and his family attended our church, and my mother was one of his many patients. Dr. Keech was a tall, slender man; he wore a long and slender beard, diaphanous and of a light hue, and while I saw him scores of times, I do not recall ever hearing him speak a word. As a child of eight or nine, I remember my mother walking the floor all night with an aching tooth, and saying: "I must go to Dr. Keech first thing in the morning and have it out." This she would

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do, and the tooth probably being abscessed, would be left behind, every time she made one of these visits. Nowadays, sensible people, after years of education in dental matters, and who consult their dentists at regular intervals, rarely in my own experience, have toothache, and it is doubtful if future generations of intelligent, civilized people, will ever have it at all; certainly very seldom.

Not many will recall Dr. H. H. Keech, but a number will remember the late Dr. E. P. Keech. I knew him when he had his office at No. 523 N. Charles street. I made photographic portraits of him in 1915, he was by no means young at that time, but looked far from his age, and shortly after the pictures were made, he married again. I will never forget how Dr. E. P. Keech blinked his eye-lids; and to secure an unblurred negative I had to synchronize my camera shutter so as to make the exposure between two definitely defined blinks; it was blink vs. blink, and out of a dozen shots, only one was quite successful.

Hamilton Terrace was a colony of well known dentists in the Eighties and Nineties and many prac-

tioners of the dental art resided and worked there. I call dentistry an art and it is so indeed. The outstanding men engaged in its practice are not only engineers and mechanics of marvelous ability, but they are artists as well, and besides all this they have a very considerable knowledge of medicine and surgery. One advantage, they may have, possibly, over surgeon and physician is that they can see a good deal of what they are doing, and a definite effort produces definite, visible and immediate results.

I knew Dr. F. J. S. Gorgas, who lived and has his office at the extreme northern end of Hamilton Terrace as the 800 block of north Eutaw street is called. He was a famous pioneer, writer and authority, and for many years an instructor in the Dental Department of the University of Maryland. I had the privilege, in 1892, of hearing Dr. Gorgas lecture. I even recall some of his descriptions of the structure of a tooth in its normal, healthy state, its outer enamel, the contents of the hollow part and other details.

The last time I saw Dr. F. J. S. Gorgas was when I sat next to him at the Gayety Theatre, a score or more years ago. He seemed to enjoy the good old



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style burlesque show of those days, as I did myself in the time of Dave Marion, whose "Snuffy, the Cabman," was a classic with a lot of Dickens and Old London in it, and then too, that truly great comedian, Billy Arlington, was in his merry prime.

Also on Hamilton Terrace the late Terrence W. Coyle had his palatial office, beyond much doubt one of the finest in size and equipment in the city in the Nineties. While Dr. Coyle never looked into my mouth by the light of his enormous plate glass window, I knew him well and often called to see him. He was a very pleasant man and one of the first, I believe, to keep accurate chart records of his daily work. I recall his telling me how he had determined the identity, for the police authorities, of a body of a well dressed man, which had been found dead, floating in the harbor here, by the fillings in the teeth, the deceased having been one of his patients.

The justly famous and beloved Dr. James H. Harris, as well as Dr. Charles C. Harris, had offices on Hamilton Terrace and Biddle street and I sometimes went to see Dr. James H. "Uncle Jimmy" as his students called him, with a friend. He had a gra-

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cious and lovable personality, and was a noted leader in his profession and an enthusiast in soft gold work, with which medium he was very skillful. He also had his exclusive amalgams, some of which were made for him only, by the Arnold firm, then on Liberty street. Dr. Charles C. Harris was also a fine man and one of the last well dressed men in Baltimore to relinquish the daily wear of his silk topper.

A friend of mine who was one of "Uncle Jimmy" Harris' students, has told me some very interesting things about this big-hearted man whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of all his old students. The last class he taught was in 1911, and it was his final appearance as a lecturer. The thing that was especially notable was that "Uncle Jimmy" did not look well that morning. He was pale, weary and depressed. He was then about seventy years old. During the entire lecture, the sun was shining in one of the windows, striking him on one side of his face. On the end of his nose was a little drop of mucus clear as crystal, and with the bright sunlight on his face, this little drop shone like a diamond. He never lectured again and died soon after.



DR. VOLCK

*A bronze by Dr. Volck of himself seated at his  
work bench in his office*



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The class went, in a body to the funeral and escorted him to the station where his remains were put aboard the train which was to carry him to Harrisonburg, Virginia, where he rests today.

James H. Harris was an interesting character. His lectures were not at all strong or great from the standpoint of science, but his students passed and went onward nevertheless. The common practice of the class was to get Uncle Jimmy to leave his subject and go off in some other direction. They would suggest any other topic than dentistry, and he would spend the whole hour in talking about it. He would end his talk without ever mentioning his real subject. The boys had great fun in placing notes on his desk, which would amount sometimes to as many as fifty, all asking their kind professor to answer questions on every subject under the sun.

Uncle Jimmy also conducted oral quizzes. The students would go to his office on Hamilton Terrace, where he met his students at night. These quizzes were supposed to end by 10.30, and someone would divert Dr. Harris' attention, while another would turn the clock ahead an hour, and before it would be

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"10.30" and time to go, the boys would all say: "Gee it's half past ten Uncle Jimmy, this certainly has been a fine quiz." Uncle Jimmy would look at the clock, and say, "So it is. Time does indeed pass quickly; well you're dismissed."

He liked to go to Harrisonburg to hunt, where he had a horse named "Dobbin." He loved to get his horse, dog and gun and would have a glorious time. When he came back the whole subject of conversation would be about the good time he had. The boys would ask "How's Dobbin, how's the good old dog, and was the hunting fine?" Uncle Jimmy would grin and be delighted to talk about it all.

Another Hamilton Terrace inhabitant was Dr. William (Billy) Montell, who I believe succeeded to the practice of Dr. Henry H. Keech, at the latter's death. Dr. Montell took care of the teeth of a school-mate of mine, and with this friend I sometimes went to the Doctor's office on Saturday mornings. "Billy" Montell was a fat, jolly fellow who wore a heavy gold watch and chain, which was agitated on his bay window when he laughed, which was often, and I do not think young people minded very much their



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visits to him. This popular dentist and his brother were very much interested in boating and were active members of the old boat clubs which were near Ferry Bar.

And in this same vicinity in the older days was the noted Dr. T. Sollers Waters, an outstanding man in the years of which I write, and an expert in hard gold work, in which line he excelled. A forward looker always, Dr. Waters was never content with the present but worked to improve methods in practice. He was the originator of certain types of removable bridge work, and used in his class lectures at the University, remarkable examples of his skill. Unfortunately, some of the best of these specimens were stolen, the thief was never apprehended and the loss of them occasioned the doctor real grief.

In connection with hard gold work I recently learned that the method of filling cavities required long hours of malleting for each tooth so treated.

Joseph A. Costen, a very intelligent colored man who worked as laboratory assistant for Dr. T. S. Waters once told me that when the doctor was advanced in years, he never took the trouble to count

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the mallet strokes when he put in a hard gold filling, and that Costens himself often kept count and as many as 3,000 taps of the mallet were often made before the work was finished on a single tooth.

This faithful helper has spent forty years as mechanical and laboratory aide to several of Baltimore's most prominent dentists, and can, I am sure, claim to hold the record for long service in his line of work.

And now there comes to mind a West Baltimore dentist, a somewhat foreign looking man, wearing a wide, square-end beard, flowing in the breeze. On his heavily haired head a flat top felt hat, something like the one "Uncle" J. Fred C. Talbot, the Baltimore County politician used to wear in his time, and a frock coat. This was Dr. David Genese, and in good weather and on sunshiny days, I frequently saw him riding horseback in Druid Hill Park, particularly around the Lake. His horse was never quite big enough, as I seem to recall, and although the doctor was a small man, his legs hung rather nearer the ground than might have been quite correct. I believe it was a Chincoteague pony he rode and sometimes I think, a child on a still smaller pony accompanied

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the doctor on his canters. Dr. Genese added to his hobby of riding horseback, the avocation of inventor and experimenter in various kinds of endeavor, and lived in the Nineties at No. 621 N. Calhoun street.

Dr. M. W. Foster, who practiced for many years at 9 West Franklin street, graduated about the time of the Civil War, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, which, organized in 1840 was the World's first Dental School. Dr. Foster was dean of the Baltimore College from 1895 to 1914 in which year he died, having been for many years a notable and useful member of his profession.

— A dentist of prominence, and a gentleman of the old school, was Dr. Albert Price a graduate of the Baltimore College in 1866. He practiced for years on Franklin street, and later at No. 712 north Eutaw.

Another old timer I knew very well, is Dr. Alexander P. Krouse. He, to is still living, (1935) since his retirement several years ago, in Meridian, Mississippi. In the Nineties he had his offices on the second floor of No. 318 north Charles street, and his friend, another well known man of that period, Dr. Samuel

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M. Field, had his office on the same floor. Both of these men were Southerners, with typical soft voices and gentle manners.

Dr. Krouse lived above his office, and almost nightly stopped at the old time pharmacy of his friend Dr. N. Hynson Jennings, which was at No. 336 N. Charles street. Dr. Jennings was seldom there in the evenings, but the genial clerk, then studying Medicine, the late Dr. Frank J. Powers, or his alternate, the pleasant James Jeffries, would be on guard and like as not Dr. Alexander McConachie, who lived nearby would drop in also, and much discussion of politics, local and national, would take place. I lived across the street and was also frequently present.

Dr. Field, whom I just mentioned, a very mild mannered, slender, wiry man, with a straggly beard, would never perform an extraction for any of his patients for fear of hurting them. And yet in his early manhood he wanted to be a pirate. He was a ring leader of that fire-eating organization of the Confederate Army known as the *Louisiana Wild Cats*.

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This 300 block of north Charles street was also quite a colony of dentists, and in it were the offices of the late Doctors J. J. Williams, A. J. Brown, F. W. Schoendorn and S. C. Pennington. The last named was one of the chief extractors of the day and many dentists sent their patients to him for this branch of work.

In the Nineties Dr. Pennington was a man of powerful build, and while he administered gas, of course, his strong physique seemed to warrant the belief that he would complete an extraction with one twist of his sinewy wrist. He was a firm, and unwavering adherent to the use of gas, and did not, I think, adopt local anesthetics which came more and more into vogue and general use as the new century advanced.

The justly famous resident of this part of Charles street was the celebrated Dr. Adelbert J. Volck. No such unusually gifted man ever practiced dentistry in this country. I knew him for many years, for as a child I saw, and heard of him from my two cousins, young ladies in the Eighties, who were among his patients.

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Dr. Volck was, for years, a picturesque and distinguished character in Baltimore. His work in many departments of the arts is well known. The Charcoal Club possesses a handsome tankard made and ornamented by Dr. Volck. He was an original founder and life-time member of this organization, and of all the local men who gave genuine encouragement to art, none quite equalled Dr. Volck. Allowing for the most part others to buy pictures, the good doctor inspired struggling artists to paint them, gave freely of his time, and criticised and suggested in many ways. He was himself an artist of great versatility and immense technical skill. Adelbert Volck and Bevenuto Cellini surely were born under the same star. The talents of the two men were much the same, it was chiefly a matter of degree and especially of environment. Given a Prince of the Blood Royal and his financial backing, jewels and metals without regard to cost, Dr. Volck would probably have produced things of wonder and beauty quite equal to the great Italian's best.

Volck's Civil War etchings, many of which included important caricatures of Abraham Lincoln,



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this city and elsewhere. His was a most contagious his generals and members of his war cabinet, are among the finest outline drawings in the history of art. They are now rare and highly esteemed and sought for by collectors, all over this country.

Just off of Charles street on west Saratoga, was Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson in whom the dental profession of this city would claim a versatile member; for the handsome bewhiskered doctor was not only a practitioner, he was a noted athlete, a long time member and president of the Baltimore Athletic Club. Many a time I saw him at Ford's Grand Opera House and the Academy of Music in the Eighties and Nineties, performing in the annual exhibitions of the club. He excelled in the pole vault.

But it was as an admirable barytone singer Dr. Hopkinson was best known; he sang for a long time at Brown Memorial Church and at St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church, and also in recitals in smile, and his hearty laugh, showing his white, even teeth was memorable, one of the heartiest I can bring to mind.

Dr. Hopkinson's old office was long since demolished to make room for the Colonial Trust Company Building.

Passing swiftly up Charles street to the southeast corner of Franklin, we would have found in his second floor office the late Dr. Charles W. Grindall. He owned this building and lived around on Franklin street. This corner, when I first knew it, housed the store of Miss A. Page Reid, who conducted a green grocery with game in season, Smithfield hams cooked ready to slice, and many delicacies for the table. Miss Reid was an unusual and very successful woman, fond of the best in music and the drama, she was a chronic first nighter at good plays and the opera.

When Miss Reid moved to Eager street, this corner was occupied soon after by the well known prescription druggists Hynson & Westcott. While their plan was something in the nature of an experiment, it was notably successful and now as Hynson, Westcott & Dunning is a firm of international fame.

Dr. Grindall spent, I think, as much time in walking around town doing good deeds as he did in

his office. He was a real philanthropist and helped many.

He used to tell a story of having aided an apparently very poor woman, who finally died, and when the kind doctor was looking over her small possessions after her funeral, having a natural interest in pictures, he examined one he found in her room. Turning it over he noticed a loose piece of board backing, and on lifting it found \$300 in bills hidden there. The object of his pity and charity was not so poor after all, and some of the notes looked very like those he had given her.

In passing I will add that this is one of the few cases that has come under my notice of money being found in the backs of old pictures. I have personally in over thirty years of collecting never found a single dollar bill between the picture and its backing. But I have found two equally fine prints in one frame—once.

Crossing over to St. Paul street in this period of the Nineties we would have found at No. 608 the late Dr. Cyrus M. Gingrich. A slender, moustached man

with eye glasses. He worked with soft gold, and had a clientele largely composed of the wealthy and the elite. Once when he moved his office he put off putting on his sign, new patients boasted that their dentist was so exclusive that he had no mark, other than the house number, to identify his whereabouts. However, when he got around to it, Dr. Gingrich had his name in the proper place near his bell, as usual.

Dr. John C. Uhler, I did not know personally, but he was one of the instructors at the University of Maryland and taught the subject of replacements; paradoxically enough, while he enthused before his classes upon his subject, he himself was entirely toothless.

A friend of mine who knew the dentists of that period told me that Dr. Uhler had a cleft palate, and naturally there was a great impediment in his speech, and naturally enough, also, he talked like a man with a cleft palate. He was a great character around the school. In those days demonstrations were given by the teachers, and the boys would gather around. There was no order in the way they were conducted. Students who were on the inside of the circle saw

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what was going on, and those on the outside, paid no attention to what was said and spent their time tormenting those next to the instructor. When Dr. Uhler presented his demonstration he would have all his instruments out on the table, but they were carelessly placed in a disorderly and unsanitary manner. As the clinic progresses boys next to the table would steal the instruments and by the time the demonstration was over every one of them had disappeared.

Knowing him as he was, no one would have any idea how popular he was with the ladies, but as a matter of fact he was. He went into society, to dances and parties and was well liked, in spite of his impediment of speech. He got along with the girls, and had as much fun as anyone who did not have such an awkward handicap.

Dr. Uhler's office was on Madison avenue years ago. He had been there a long time and the house was old. The floors were made of some kind of soft wood, laid in planks at least seven inches wide and painted a dark color. Where Dr. Uhler stood at his chair, on the spot on which his feet were continually rotating while at work, the wood was

worn down at least half an inch, literally ground away by the constant movement of his feet, as we have seen ancient marble steps hollowed out by the passing of the feet of many devout pilgrims to some shrine.

And from his operating chair to his laboratory, a channel like pathway was also worn from the good doctor's passing back and forth.

Madison avenue was also a dentists' colony and many well known men were at work there. Best known, perhaps, was Dr. B. Holly Smith, a prominent and much liked man of fine professional reputation. He was one of the early Baltimore golfers. I remember being in Druid Hill Park in the autumn of 1899, at the links on the Park Heights avenue side. I had played my own first game of golf a month before in Albemarle County, Virginia on a rough, hill-side links, a cow pasture in daily operation, where there were some very disagreeable, cussable, and numerous hazards. When I saw Dr. Holly Smith make a series of practice drives, bearing my recent crude work in mind, I marvelled at the distances the balls travelled and his fine direction. Dr. G. Marshall



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Smith was next door to Holly Smith, and Dr. A. P. Gore was not far away.

I have mentioned Dr. James H. Harris and Dr. C. M. Gingrich as enthusiasts in soft gold work; there was Dr. Ferdinand Groshans, an instructor in the University of Maryland in 1886 and later, who was a strict adherent to the hard gold method of treating teeth. He never substituted inlays and was well known for the style he preferred, which as I understand is rarely practiced in these times. I have seen examples of this hard gold work in the mouths of men I know, done when Dr. Groshans was nearly seventy years old, and even to my non-professional eye it is remarkable. Dr. Groshans, a continuous advocate of hard gold, was, I have heard, one of the most rabid of the original prohibitionists in this vicinity, and detested hard liquor as much, even more than he liked hard gold.

My recollections of Baltimore dentists have mentioned one who made his start in West Baltimore, several in the centre of the city, also some of the Western section.

In 1893 I knew a dignified, foreign-looking dentist, a busy and successful Doctor Bernhard Myer, whose home and office were on Hanover street. South Baltimore supplied Dr. Myer with many patients and he removed to Madison avenue, No. 1002, I am not sure his practice followed him, nor that he eventually built up a new one.

In this same year an ice skating rink on North avenue was in full swing, and many dental students took up hockey. The class of that year at the University of Maryland, included a Canadian, naturally of course, a wonderful skater, who excelled in the full-action game. Some of those present may possibly remember this chap, as he was a tough boy, muscle all over, although under average height. His name was Bisneau, and he roomed on Green or it may have been Paca street with a lot of fellow students. I recall paying this Bisneau and his chums a Saturday morning call, with my old friend, Thomas Dotterer. We did not time our visit opportunely, arriving a little after nine, and our early presence started a battle royal with the belligerent Bisneau as the centre-rush

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as he claimed his morning slumbers had been unreasonably disturbed.

In this Paca-Greene street neighborhood in the Nineties and later perhaps it was a common sight to see students of the dental college scurrying around with their foot-power dental engines in their arms. They had to own these instruments and took them home after school to protect them, and also often did some private work with them in their rooms for gain and practice. When they parked their engines anywhere, lodging house or college they would fasten the wheels with chain and padlock, much as bicyclists do their machines.

Some years ago an agent for a new form of gas for dentists, set in to canvas Baltimore, and sought to displace the brand already in use in this vicinity. This agent was one of the early "high-pressure" men, and made strong claims for his product, and offered to demonstrate it in a down town dentist's office. He made his arrangements and invited many dentists to witness the remarkable action of his gas. It was "remarkable." The local or resident agent for the gas already entrenched here, hearing of these plans,

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to defend his own commodity, arranged in a clever way to have a particularly strong and handy fist-man on hand, who it was planned, when the out-of-town agent called for a subject for demonstration, would crowd his way forward. The heavy scrapper had been instructed not to inhale from the mouth-piece, but to blow back. He was also told to only pretend sleep, and to then suddenly jump up from his chair and start something.

Good luck attended the scheme of the home agent, and after the out-of-town man had made his address to the assembled dentists, and called for a subject, the slugger stepped up, went through the business of inhaling, and then after having closed his eyes, with them still closed, he sprang up and in a terrible state of excitation and with shouts and yells, proceeded to clean up the room. Needless to say the new and ambitious salesman did not at that time introduce his gas into Baltimore any further.

In the years 1880 to 1900, a very large number of the dentists lived behind and above their offices, and until his special skill and unusual ability became known, they drew their patients mainly from their

neighborhoods. This mingling of professional and domestic life had its distractions as well as its extractions, for both patient and dentist. Many persons can doubtless recall their helpless position, years ago, with mouth well dammed, when the wife or housekeeper, would come, unannounced, no doubt, into the operating room, to request if indeed she did not demand, the market money, or ask the good doctor to join her at the front door to inspect a street hawker's offering of fish, fruit or vegetables.

One summer night in the Nineties I lodged a piece of wooden tooth-pick between two jaw teeth, a favorite pastime of mine, and as it was long after dark, not finding my own dentist at home, I consulted a night-worker to have what felt like a large part of a cord of wood removed. The doctor was in the midst of this operation, when the office was invaded by a small child who, with whining, unforgettable voice, assailed his tired parent "Poppa I want a new pair of shoes, mama says gimme money to get a pair of shoes." The dentist excused himself for the proverbial few minutes dragging the child with him, returning after a time to complete his work. He realized the

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slight embarrassment and did not wish to charge me the fee I paid him for his time.

There were in the older days, more than even I can remember, itinerant dentists. I am told that the last of these was a certain Dr. Dorsey and he was probably the last dentist to travel around this city and its suburbs. Dr. Dorsey rode on horseback through the more remote places and did his work in the homes of his patients, his saddle bags contained his instruments, and you may imagine the degree of thoroughness with which he did his work. When I used to room on Hamilton Terrace, Dr. Dorsey took his meals at the same place. He wore an old set of artificial teeth, which he had probably made himself. They were very loose and as he masticated his food, they would chatter in high, and low and in neutral, which was when he talked. There were several dental students at the boarding house and when the old doctor came into meals, the boys would remark "Here comes the Anvil Chorus."

This eccentric character was also a minister of the Gospel and customarily dressed in clerical garb, in which he made his rounds. Like the circuit rider



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and the mender of kitchen and garden utensils as far as Baltimore is concerned, the itinerant dentist is now something of the past.

When I first knew him Dr. F. W. Schloendorn's office was on north Charles street, opposite the famous Klingstine's confectionary, which succeeded Herman's and was famed for its Kossuth cakes and ice creams. Dr Schloendorn was a broad shouldered, blond German dentist, he wore a moustache of an unusual pattern, and was in his day one of the well known men in the profession. I believe he was one of the first twenty-dollar-an-hour men hereabout. The Doctor was a dresser, too, and often wore a gray derby hat, called by the town boys and others in the Nineties and decade before a "peanuckle."

An old friend of mine recently deceased, was waiting for Dr. Schloendorn one morning in the reception room, about 1899 was the year, when the doctor had his place at 522 N. Charles street, and the following scene took place, which was long after the doctor's death, described to me:

A lady was in the laboratory and was overheard

to criticize, most severely a set of upper teeth which Dr. Schloendorn had recently made for her.

"They are not pretty," she complained, "and do not compare at all with a set another dentist has made for my sister which cost her very much less than you have made me pay for my set."

The doctor listened attentively, and then remarked:

"Young lady, in making teeth for people, I do not aim to merely provide them with a set wherewith to simply chew their food. My object is much more than that. I study the patient's face, the head, and consider what the original teeth were like. Then I make a set which conforms absolutely to the conditions and presents a natural and artistic effect. Your teeth suit you, they look right in your mouth, but they are not and were not meant to be pretty."

But the dissatisfied patient was not convinced nor appeased and vehemently asserted again that she was not pleased and hated the teeth, and much more she said, until the good doctor's face flushed and he trembled with excitement.

"Let me see those teeth," he muttered.

The set was removed and handed to him. Dr. Schloendorn took from his pocket a great roll of bills.

"You paid me three hundred dollars for these," he said, and counting out that exact sum into her hand, he added, "now there is your money, Miss, and there are my teeth."

At which he threw them on the floor and ground them to bits under his heel.

# *They Said* IT WITH FLOWERS



IN THE old days, when a popular theatre star came to Baltimore, it was a great boon to the florists. For theatregoers voiced their approval by "saying it with flowers." Many a big basket of expensive blooms have I seen handed over the footlights to such favorites as Della Fox, Jeanne Winston, Kate Claxton and Marie Jansen.

The first time I leaned my chin on the gallery rail of the Academy of Music, I saw Bartley Campbell's "White Slave." All I recall is the death-bed scene, a common feature of old Melo-Drama, and the group around the bed-side, singing "My Old Kentucky Home." The Academy used to be where the Stanley stands today.

In the Eighties, old Holliday Street Theatre was playing such attractions as the great Italian, Salvini, in "Samson," Edwin Booth in Shakespeare, Bob Graham in "The Little Tycoon," with its entrancing waltz song "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh."

## THEY SAID IT WITH FLOWERS

Ada Gray in "East Lynne," Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," Maggie Mitchell, and others whose names are now only a memory of the theatre of fifty years ago. Here too, I saw "Evangeline" with its lone fisherman, Pauline Hall in "Ermine," Marie Jansen, Fannie Brice and popular exponents of Opera Bouffe, as light opera was then called. Holliday Street Theatre was taken down to make room for the City Hall Plaza.

Shortly before the old Academy passed out, Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper brought a revival of "Erminie" there. Its lovely song, "Good Night" and classic melodies awoke such memories of other days that the late George May, the last of Baltimore's old beaux, got up and left the theatre.

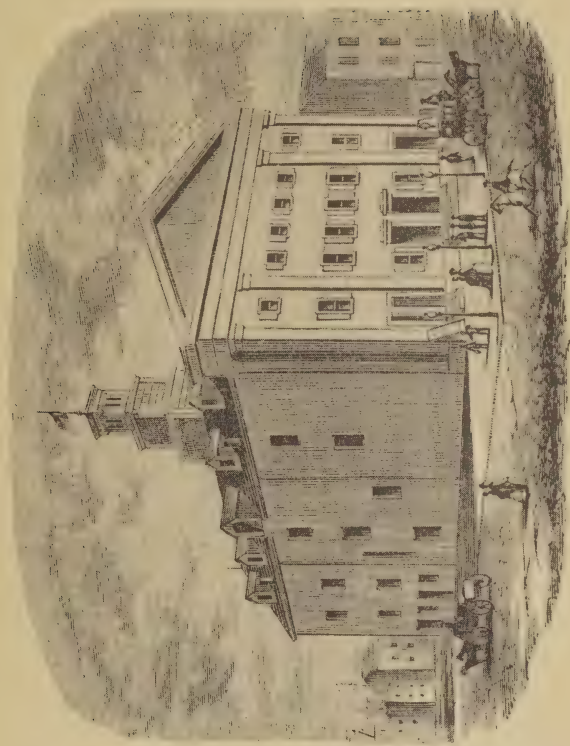
In old times when charity balls and other big events took place at the Academy, a jointed floor was brought from the cellar and fitted together over the Orchestra seats, this made a continuous dance floor, as an extension of the stage.

In the summer, amusements were few. Fort & Conway, managers of the Academy produced "Sum-

mer Garden Opera." The theatre was decorated to give a cool look, and a theatrical manager of our day, started his career then, distributing palm leaf fans, and calling "Libretto, Libretto, all the words of the Opera." The shining star of these days was Jeanie Winston, whose *Fra Diavolo*, will be remembered by old timers. Her following was immense. Other operas were *The Merry War*, *La Perichole*, *Nanon*, *Fatinitza* and *La Sonambula*. Digby Bell sang topical songs, Max Figman, Jack Rafael, J. K. Murray, Clara Lane, Helen Bertram and Bettina Ordway Girard assisted in these performances. The best seats were a quarter.

John Itzel, and his sons, Adam and John, Jr., played in and led the orchestras; Adam composed "*The Tar and the Tartar*"; unfortunately he died young. For forty years John Itzel, the elder, entered the stage door of the old Academy at seven o'clock every evening. He existed in misery during the weeks in summer when the Theatre was closed. Even then, he would go and sit with the night watchman at the stage door.





FRONT STREET THEATRE



## THEY SAID IT WITH FLOWERS

Two veteran theatrical critics of this period, and down into the Nineteen Hundreds, were Capt. Henry P. Goddard, who wrote special articles on the stage, and Major Walter E. McCann, who never missed a first night and signed his fine reviews "W.E.M." as many will recall.

The Natatorium, where many Baltimore boys learned to swim was on the site of the present Auditorium. When James Kernan altered the old building, an early entertainer was Professor Carpenter, who gave a ridiculous performance of wholesale hypnotism. Here, too, Oscar R. Gleason, the horse trainer, subdued fierce animals. By the time he had fired pistols and beat on pans his horse patients were petrified with fright, the "jitters" we'd say today, and it is doubtful if his cures were lasting.

The lobby of the old Howard Auditorium, (which was simply the Natatorium remodelled), was full of synthetic palms, and gruesome wax figures. "The Death of the Game Keeper," whose last breaths were recurrent, since he died daily, was quite impressive, but the illusion was disturbed by the sound of the clock-work which made his breast rise and fall.

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There were many third class theatres in old times. The French Froliques on Baltimore street, the Odeon on Frederick, with its Dickens-like manager, R. Jean Buckley, the Bijou opposite, and Jeo Beard's "White Elephant" on East Baltimore street. Herzog's Dime Museum held forth on Baltimore, near Gay. Its small band blared from a second story balcony, and a demented freak on a roped-in stage jumped around screeching. Schoolboys dubbed this act "Wild Rose's Opera."

Front Street Theatre played low-life and Western dramas, under the direction of the popular actor Dan A. Kelly; N. S. Wood as "The Boy Detective" also played there. This ancient theatre had a very deep stage, with room for forty horses. Here I saw that fine negro singer and composer, James Bland, who wrote "Oh Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," and Sisseretta Jones, the Black Patti, who toured in "The Chimes of Normandy," when not busy singing to inmates of the City jails. She did not always have to go far to do so.

Kernan's Monumental, or "The Bridge" at the Fallsway, was the home of burlesque. Gallery gods,

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mainly newsboys and bootblacks sang and whistled the chorus to every song. Order was preserved—some-what—by a man with a red moustache, who rapped on the wall with a cane. In the rear of Kernan's was an arena where all sorts of contests were held, six day races of every kind also boxing and wrestling. At Kernan's appeared Weber & Fields in their first youth, Sam T. Jack's Creoles, May Howard's Burlesquers, Rose Hill's Folly Company, and many true comedians, some of them still on the stage and high salaried.

Most of the minstrel companies played at Ford's or the old Academy of Music, but George Wilson and his merry men, I saw once in September at the Lyceum Theatre. The members of the troupes, armed with trombones and cornets, which split the air with martial music, would give a street parade on the morning of the first performance.

They wore linen dusters and white top-hats. How jauntily they strutted along, waving gayly to the crowds which lined the sidewalks. There was that splendid organization of the Nineties, "Thatcher, Primrose & West." George Thatcher was a Harford

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County boy, and I have always regarded him and Lew Dockstader, as the best monologue men of all time. George Primrose was noted for his graceful dancing in soft shoes or clogs with rattles; he could sing too, and many will recall his rendition of "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing."

The smooth and clever Will West had no equal in his day, as interlocutor, an office which calls for a combination of pomposity, and a manner of supercilious grandeur, since it is his traditional lot to be shown up as a fool, and completely squelched by the wit and logic of the end men. Yet, after losing an argument—as lose he must—he has to rise to his feet with the air of a nobleman, and blandly announce

"Mr. Raymond Moore, the distinguished Metropolitan tenor will now sing that beautiful ballad, entitled, "Down on the Farm."

This song Raymond Moore first brought to Baltimore; he really did have a good voice, and was a favorite all over the country. Richard J. Jose, possessed of what the programs termed a "superb and unsurpassed counter-tenor," was noted for his song "Just



as the Sun Went Down," and for a sympathetic rendering of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Minstrel companies carried musical comedy teams; specialists with several instruments. Some of these were gifted musicians, and produced excellent harmony by regular means and also with curious devices of their own invention.

I remember Swift & Chase, one of whom was, I think, a Maryland boy, Blocksome & Burns, Fields & Hanson; and the most talented team known in the history of minstrelsy and vaudeville, Wood & Shepherd. They were trained musicians and performed in black-face. Shepherd dressed in gorgeous, expensive apparel, and Wood, the little fellow, wore the most absurd and loud clothing.

Wood supplied most of the fun, and originated many quaint humorous specialties. One was the breaking of his suspenders, whereupon he produced a hammer and a nail, which he drove through his "gallus" apparently into his hip-bone. Of course the nail went into a block of wood, but the effect was ridiculous. Wood's real name was Gottlieb, and he

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was a brother of that popular Baltimorean, the late Fred Gottlieb.

These were the days of the horse-car, and I remember George Thatcher's story of the race horse he bet on. It seems George's selection had once been a car-horse on the Eutaw street line. As the ponies were coming down the stretch, some leather-lunged wise-guy, bellowed, "Fayette Street!" and Thatcher's horse came to a full stop.

Then there was Hughey Dougherty, a famous end-man. In his violent argument with the interlocutor as to the evils of men betting on horse races, he would close the fiery debate, to his great satisfaction, by loudly declaiming "And I say that the man who don't bet is no better!"

Noted monologists, like Frank Cushman, George Thatcher, and particularly Lew Dockstader, on reaching a new stand would look up the local situation in politics, sports and men-about-town, and later, work into their jokes and songs, snappy material which always stirred their audiences to roars of laughter.



THE AUDITORIUM THEATRE



## THEY SAID IT WITH FLOWERS

Dockstader was standing in a cafe one day in Baltimore and overheard someone quoting one of the late Harry Lehr's witticisms, and saying how bright Harry was. Dockstader instantly flashed, "He must be related to my old friend, Shandy Leer!"

Tom McIntosh the celebrated minstrel, a colored fellow himself, was ridiculously funny. He got off a good joke, as follows: The Interlocutor says:

"See here Tom, I am very angry with you, understand you told my wife that I am a jackass."

"Naw, sir," says Tom. "Deed I never said that, I only told her if you got real sick she better send for the veterinary surgeon."

And then there was Billy Emerson, who stood alone it was said in the profession. Billy was taking a train one day at Camden Station, he had his foot on the step of the Pullman, which was just about to move, when he borrowed a Plug of Tobacco from an "innocent bystander," and he said "Do you mind where I bite it?" "Not at all," was the reply. "Then, said Billy, as the train pulled out, "I'll bite it in Washington."

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A noted minstrel once told me of an experience he had in a small town one snowy night. It was after eight thirty and only one man was in the Theatre, sitting in the front row, with his hat on. But the manager went before the curtain, and said:

“Mister, we know it’s a terrible night, and you are the only person in the house, but we are going to give you our entire show, each and every member of the company is going to do his level best—”

But the one-man audience stopped him, saying:

“Ah, shut up. Go on with the piece. I’m the janitor—I want to close up!”



# *When Men* WERE MEN



IN THE Eighties the late Oscar Wolff was one of the finest amateur gymnasts in this country. For years he was president of the Baltimore Athletic Club, when Stran McCurley was also an official. The club's first gym was on Charles street, where the Katz Building now stands; later it moved to Eager street, near Charles, and stayed there until the present club house was built.

The "B.A.C." used to hold annual exhibitions, usually at the Academy of Music, sometimes at Ford's. These were great athletic events, and many Baltimore men and boys took part. There was high jumping, drills and pole vaulting by the late Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson, Wilson Coudon and others. Harry Nicodemus and Louis Sprengel sparred, and "Lou" also swung Indian Clubs, as well as Gus Hill, then known as "The King of Clubs." John Lane Beck was the all-around State Champion in track athletics

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in the Nineties, and once made a running broad jump of twenty-two feet. Harry Bash was a star performer on the flying rings and a remarkable boxer. Both Beck and Bash are still in town (1935).

Professor William Miller, one of the World's greatest all-around athletes, did record-breaking weight lifting, such as raising the 109-pound dumb-bell above his head, with one hand, many times. William Miller came to this country in the Eighties from Australia. He vanquished Duncan Ross, the Scotch champion, with broadswords, both on foot and on horse-back; he was also a wrestler of fame, and when in New York, discovered William Muldoon, whom he trained.

These two remarkable men wrestled on one occasion for eight consecutive hours, without either gaining a fall. I doubt if any in the game, as played today, could work on the mat that long.

August Joesting and Oscar Wolff excelled on the horizontal bar, and did any feat performed by famous professionals—Marlo & Dunham or the Patterson

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Brothers, whom we used to see at the Old Monumental. In exercises on the flying trapeze, Oscar Wolff, literally, did stand alone. Many will recall his sitting in a chair, two of its legs balanced on the hand-bar of his trapeze, "with the greatest of ease" of course. When he worked with cannon balls, he would throw one in the air and catch it on the back of his neck, a dangerous feat. Cinquevelli, the prince of European jugglers, could catch an iron ball the same way, but the weight of Paul Cinquevelli's was twenty pounds, whereas the cannon ball Mr. Wolff used weighed thirty.

During one of the "B.A.C." exhibitions at Ford's William Byrd Page, of Virginia, made a world's record for the indoor high jump. He cleared six feet, four inches, a much higher leap than had ever been made before, and a record that stood for years.

Billy McDermott was a noted track runner, and his example put many boys into the notion of running distances up to the mile. We used to run around Druid Lake. Finding I could make the course in less than seven minutes, I was encouraged to enter the

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mile event held one October afternoon on a track at North and Madison avenues. Among others in this race were several fast runners — Hewett Beasley, Henry Wilson and Layton Smith. They not only beat me, they absolutely lapped me!

Interested in strength as I was in the Nineties, I saw all the strong men of the time. The man with the greatest amount of brute force I ever saw was Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian Hercules. He weighed over 300 pounds, wore his hair in Samson style, and was fifty years old when I saw him. His wife weighed about 125 pounds. St. Cyr held a small ladder in his outstretched hand, and his wife walked up the rungs. This modern Goliath lifted tremendous weights, pulled against a team of heavy horses and did many wonderful feats.

In 1895 I knew George Lewis, a Wisconsin lumber-jack who was well built and powerful. Years of work in the tall timber had provided him with muscles of steel. He performed in a bowling alley opposite Ford's Theatre. Lewis was one of the first to push a large cut nail through a two-inch board. He

wrapped the head of the nail in a cloth and held it between his middle and ring finger. The board was set at an angle, a quick thrust and the nail went through. Lewis then drew the nail out with his teeth. This strong man wore a steel watch chain capable of sustaining a hundred pound strain, and the cane he carried weighed ten pounds.

Years ago every town had its "Strong Man." Baltimore had its Scott Hanley, who used to go down to South Eutaw street where there were idle Baltimore & Ohio freight cars. By placing his shoulder to the rear wheel Hanley would move the car. He did this feat on Sundays and crowds assembled to watch him. Then there was George Spriggs, who in 1894 was at the Merchant's Bank. I once saw him write his name upon a wall, with a 56-pound dumb-bell tied to his wrist. He also moved freight cars, one of which weighed 55,000 pounds.

Shad Link, a noted wrestler of these days, was also a man of great strength, and could throw beer barrels around as though they were cocoanuts.

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A strong young fellow too, was Edward Wernsing, who boxed and wrestled at the Baltimore Athletic Club exhibitions when they were held in the later Nineties at the old Fifth Regiment Armory on Howard street.

In the late William Price the State of Maryland had its own Paul Bunyan, the mythological giant of the northwest. Mr. Price weighed over 300 pounds, and stood six feet four. He was just naturally strong and used to lift 300 and 400 pound rocks from the shore of his farm to a schooner. These he took to Norfolk where he unloaded them at the Rip Raps, the Civil War fortress. Once Price miscalculated his aim and one of his 400 pound boulders went through the bottom of a barge.

One day Price walked into a Pratt street bar-room and accidentally brushed the shoulder of a big sailor who took offense and squared off for a fight. Price held up his hand saying, "Just a moment, please!" And turning to the floor where he saw a 200-pound whiskey barrel, pulled out the bung and lifting the barrel to the level of his mouth, poured a stream of



## WHEN MEN WERE MEN

the liquor down his throat. He then faced the fighting sailor and dropped the barrel on his chest. The man crumpled up, fell to the floor, and struggling to his feet, rushed out of the place. He had no idea of fighting a man who tossed barrels around like that!

Ah! Those were the days when Men were MEN!

# *Tenting In* THE DARK



MANY YEARS ago when I was a boy of nearly 14, having been warned in a dream, as well as by fences full of highly-colored show bills, that the Barnum & Bailey Circus would reach this city for its annual exhibition early in May, I determined to visit the show grounds in time to see the tents go up.

I had no alarm clock, and wisely, perhaps, sought no cooperation on the part of my mother. So on the previous evening I retired earlier than usual. To guard against oversleeping I stretched out on the matting-covered floor of my room, knowing full well that the discomfort of the hard boards would make me restless and my sleep broken.

At 1 o'clock next morning I stole tip-toe from the house, and footed it, a little fearfully, as nocturnal expeditions so extensive were new to me, from Bidle street and Madison to the Belair road near the boundary. When I reached the grounds it must have been about 2 o'clock and the spacious field was dark

## TENTING IN THE DARK

and deserted. But on a far corner a gang of Negroes was to be seen lolling back on a pyramid of hay; straw, too, had been unloaded, and these necessities of circus life were being watched by an agent of the feed company which had supplied them.

Soon after my arrival, large two-horse wagons came on the lot loaded with sawdust, another absolute essential of open-air shows. More rough-looking men, black and white, appeared abruptly, and some of them made a fire of boxes and scrap lumber, whereupon the Negroes gathered around and, as is ever their custom when even two or three meet, commenced to harmonize. Their singing, in low, minor-keyed voices gave an eerie touch to the scene.

Warming myself at the pleasant blaze, for the night air was keen, I waited. Some time after 3 o'clock we perceived in the dim distance over on the railroad tracks a long train of flat cars, all laden with canvas-covered circus wagons. But the cars soon passed, wraith-like, beyond our view, and some one in the crowd said the train had gone on to Bolton Station, where the show would unload. Strangely somehow, the recollection of anything else

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I may have seen on this long ago occasion, is quite limited. I do recall day breaking, and my failure to secure a job. But not a detail of the work of erecting the tents, except the teams of "canvas" men driving stakes, and a tremendous appetite, can I recall.

Forty-odd years elapsed and again, in 1928, I attempted to see just how such a gigantic job as the erection of one enormous and nearly a score of smaller tents could be accomplished, mainly in the darkness that precedes the dawn, and with a speed that is legendary.

Alone, and somewhat regretting my impulse, I drove in the chill early hours down the Frederick road, across Hilton street to Edmondson avenue and thence to the show grounds. It was a drive I shall long remember. A shaggy, gibbous moon hung low, down in the southeastern sky; mottled, dusky clouds mantled it from time to time, or obscured it entirely; the streets were silent and forsaken, save for a desultory milk wagon making its first rounds, halting here and there at the curb.

Along the avenue, at every corner, I saw glowering, crudely smoking lights on the sidewalk, flares

## TENTING IN THE DARK

placed there by the flying squadron of the layout crew to serve as beacons for the four-horse, stake and pole wagons which were already rumbling by. Passing these heavily-laden teams, I drove to a point as near the show grounds as possible, where I left my car and wandered onward through the complete darkness, which had just fallen as the moon went down behind the houses.

And now time seemed for once to turn backward as the first thing I made out in the distance, and to my right, was a pyramid of hay and straw, also a fire, and by it the throng of idlers some of whom were singing as they had been in the remote 80's when I went to the Belair lot.

The air was damp and nipping, and I roamed over the vast plain now still and lonely, so soon to hold a small, bustling city, temporary perhaps in its construction, but teeming with life and movement. The gloom was mysterious and impenetrable, I strained my eyes, and sensed rather than perceived vague, shadowy forms and heard nearby voices. I had come upon the layout men who called sepulchrally to each other through the darkness the terse

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

signals of their clan, as they measured with long tape lines and stuck short iron rods into the ground, (with, as I later found) bits of red flannel tied to them. This was interesting, and I marveled at the knowledge and experience of men who could lay out in the tail end of the night, often in wind and pouring rain, a main tent or "big-top," 600 feet long, with the slight aid of occasional flashes from small electric torches.

Daylight came slowly, with soft and gradual changes from inky blackness to gray as the sky in the east lightened, and the slanting rays of the rising sun dispelled in turn the mist and haze, to disclose a humming, busy scene. Now things began to happen: horse-drawn and motor trucks came piling into the lot. On top of one of these from a high load of paraphernalia a tousled-headed boy emerged yawning the sleep from his heavy eyes and picking straw from his hair. Gangs of men spread out over the field and started the work of driving stakes, the greater part of which is done in these days by mechanical devices mounted on small trucks and operated by gasoline engines. From one to three



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stakes are beaten down at one time by these miniature pile-drivers.

The machines performed well, but it was more interesting to watch the gangs of stake drivers. Not only did they sing and joke as they wielded their sixteen-pound sledges, but their stakes went into the ground faster. Eight men stood in a circle around each pin and as they swung their huge hammers in perfect rhythm, the stake simply sank into the earth as one might push a match stick into soft butter.

Bosses and foremen, mostly elderly men, rode here and there on stocky ponies. I heard few orders, few oaths, and saw no confusion in detail, whereas the whole business seemed to me confusion complete and entire.

One man, apparently a squadron boss, talked to me and I found him affable and communicative. When he learned I was a Baltimorean, he asked if I knew (the late) Van Lear Black, who at the time, I believe, was on a flying tour. He seemed interested when he heard I had known Mr. Black for years

## BALTIMORE YESTERDAYS

and said he had often met and held him in high regard.

The ground was soft in places and as usual some of the teams stalled—one, a heavy wagon drawn by four handsome Percherons. A pony-riding boss was near at hand, "Blow 'em, Bill," he suggested. Bill gave the fine animals a chance to get their breath and out they pulled and moved on.

But while these two incidents were arresting my attention, and without my noting it, the menagerie tent was up, the guy ropes stretched and made fast to some of the stakes, located with mathematical accuracy in the dark and driven down in the dawn. Away over to the east I saw that the mess tent was also up and a corps of cooks busy getting breakfast. Fearing that I would miss the most important feat of all—the erection of the big-top, the performance tent—I hurried to its location. The king-pole and other central supports were planted and an army of men was at work in every direction, ropes and appliances strewn everywhere.

Now that the sun was up, hundreds of sight-seers, dubbed by circus men "lot-lice," were all

## TENTING IN THE DARK

over the place, and they were being constantly warned to stand clear; the management does not care to waste time or spend money on accidents. It was well after 6 o'clock and cages of wild beasts were coming in from the railroad siding. The Behemoth, or colossal sea elephant, if that is what it was, had arrived and was yawping for its morning bath. The keeper, a Cockney Britisher, was changing his shirt, but soon proceeded to deluge the Goliath of beastdom with a stream of water from a full-sized fire hose. But the job was done with such a sloppy technique that all the water which did not reach the acreage of the Behemoth spurted in cascades over a mob of staring humanity.

My momentary devotion to this detail proved fatal, for although the time elapsed was brief, I saw that the roof of the big-top was in position, and a host of men was putting up the seats, side walls were in place on the menagerie tent and the hour was now about 7. Everything was being finished off simultaneously. How the circus men can work with a crowd of people milling here, there and everywhere, they alone can tell. The secret of the

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matter is that the bosses are veterans and know their business thoroughly, their men work in gangs and squadrons and carry out orders with precision.

Everyone likes a magic trick, and on a circus lot, when they make or break camp, as in any sort of legerdemain, the closer you watch, the less you see. I did not see the tents go up, certainly not as I fancied I could, in fact no one person can do so; it is just one of the things that can't be done.

# *In Retrospect*



THUS ENDS abruptly the second book of Meredith Janvier's reminiscences, and those who love Old Baltimore will regret and be exceedingly sad that he did not live to complete the volume.

Despite his three score and three, Mr. Janvier was so young in heart and so youthful in spirits that he seemed to his friends to be standing still while all about him people and things were growing old. And this was because, with all his reverence and affection for the delightful, leisurely Eighties and Nineties, Mr. Janvier retained to the very last his fresh and youthful outlook on life. It was among his rare gifts that he kept throughout his career his zest for life and his interest in the new and strange.

In all the changes that Baltimore has undergone in the past generation for better or for worse, in times of controversy, of false hopes and confusion of tongues, it was the precious service of Meredith Janvier to feel deeply the new life of his time, yet speak clearly the old truth concerning it.

It will be difficult, indeed, to find some one who can continue the story so charmingly begun by him.

RICHARD D. STEUART





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